

CORONET

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Beginning with this issue

Mad Mission to Berlin

*A Streamlined Novel by
Oscar Schlegel*



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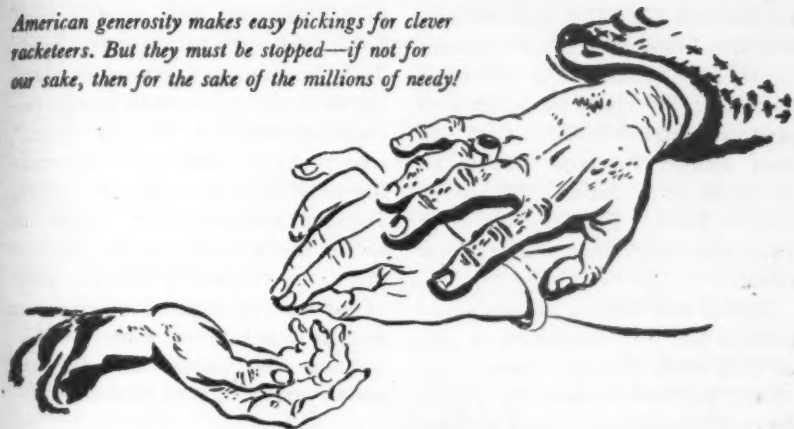
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Cover Girl

One hundred and ten pounds, judiciously distributed over 5 feet, 8 inches of girl, contrive to make Susann Shaw a perennial vision of the public prints. Her perfect complexion derives from her own pet formula—which she will gladly divulge to anyone interested enough to drop her a card, care of Coronet. Chosen “most beautiful professional model” by the 1941 convention of editors and publishers, she herself likes to shoot candid shots in her spare time with her husband—musical arranger William Foster. Harold Lisk posed and photographed Miss Shaw for Coronet.

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American generosity makes easy pickings for clever racketeers. But they must be stopped—if not for our sake, then for the sake of the millions of needy!



The War Charities Racket

by FRANK W. BROCK

TRADITIONALLY the most generous people on earth, Americans last year made charitable donations expected to total between \$600,000,000 and \$700,000,000.

This year we will give more, for never before has the country been bombarded with so many urgent appeals from so many different organizations. More than 700 groups are raising funds or procuring goods for relief in war-torn nations abroad. Many others are trying to aid the defense effort at home.

With these hundreds of millions of dollars literally free for the asking—with all of us unusually susceptible to war-charity pleas—it is little wonder that hordes of chiselers, "promoters" and all manner of light-fingered, light-footed gentry are swarming into the lucrative business of raising funds.

Some of these fast-moving, smooth-talking folk claim to be sponsored by the Red Cross, the British War Relief Society, the United China Relief, Bundles for Britain or the USO—none of which employ door-to-door canvassers or make solicitations by telephone. Other chiselers invent their own charities, christen them with high-sounding names, then launch high-powered campaigns to enrich themselves at the expense of the public.

Reports from Better Business Bureaus throughout the country show that the war charity swindlers are operating nationally, and that their techniques take many forms.

Sailing under false colors—they said they were backed by the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars and the United American Veterans—Promoters R. Royal Horter and Frank J.

Francis took \$70,000, it is charged in warrants issued in Roxbury District Court, from unsuspecting citizens of Boston, in an elaborate scheme to produce a patriotic film called *God Bless America*. Proceeds were to go ostensibly to a fictitious "National Defense Fund." The film was to be an amateur production, utilizing local talent.

Horter and Francis not only sold parts in *God Bless America* for as high as \$300 each, the court proceedings allege, but also assessed the players for coaching and costumes. They were even given blocks of tickets to unload on their friends. Some 20,000 tickets were sold before the police learned of the fraud. Horter and Francis left town in time and have not been apprehended—but the pair will probably show up in another city and try the same trick again.

FROM THE opposite end of the country, the Better Business Bureau of Portland, Oregon, sends warning of a mysterious "Captain Johnson," who claims to be master of a large vessel which is always on the point of sailing to Norway to pick up refugees. Persons of Norwegian descent are approached by solicitors who silently hand them letters signed by the Captain, then immediately disappear. The letters speak of an "urgent need for food and supplies" aboard the "mercy ship," which "can carry more than 3,000 passengers."

Only the lack of a few hundred dollars is holding up the voyage, and contributors are asked to send money

to the Captain, in care of a local hotel, preferably by registered mail. They are cautioned against mentioning the letter's contents to anyone because of nefarious "foreign agents" who might get wind of the undertaking and sink the ship. Needless to say, Portland authorities were unable to locate the Captain at the address given, nor could they find any trace of the "mercy ship." But before the swindle was exposed, scores of Norwegians who wanted to help their countrymen had been victimized.

WAR-CHARITY chiselers have found the going easy and the pickings rich, because the public has the mistaken impression that all charities must register with the U. S. State Department.

Actually, the law prescribes registration only for agencies engaged in raising money for war relief in *belligerent countries*. Thus, all domestic activities are exempt from supervision, and anyone is free to start an organization for relief in Mexico, Sweden, or any other non-belligerent country.

Under the law, salaries and general overhead of registered foreign-relief groups cannot exceed 30 per cent of the total funds collected. A number of organizations have lost their State Department licenses because their expenses ran far beyond the allowable percentage.

For example, the War Relief Association of American Youth, Inc. spent 98 per cent of its collections on overhead and had nothing to spare for its avowed purpose of sending air-raid shelter equipment to England.

And when the State Department suspended the license of the United Fund for Refugee Children, Inc., because of high administrative costs, the Fund's promoters did not go out of business.

Instead, they merely declared that henceforth they would solicit for the benefit of refugee children *in the United States*, thereby escaping the law.

A few months ago, President Roosevelt appointed Joseph E. Davies to head a committee to survey the situation and make recommendations.

The report was issued in October and the committee has tabulated data received in answer to questionnaires sent to more than six hundred registered organizations. The findings show that the great majority are thoroughly honest and that most are efficiently managed. Overhead costs for the large, established relief societies are much lower than the legal percentage, and the admirable Greek War Relief reports that its expenses come to only four per cent of receipts.

However, the Davies Committee also found a wasteful duplication of effort inevitable when there are so many independent agencies. For example, there are at present some forty organizations devoted to aid for Britain. There are ten committees for the resettlement of English children, nine

war relief societies, five gift-distributing groups, five which raise funds to purchase ambulances, four movements to promote Anglo-American friendship, six social and benevolent clubs, and so on.

As a remedy, the Davies Committee proposed the creation of a government body which would coordinate the multitude of charity drives, eliminating superfluous ones.



IT IS VERY common for amateur money-raisers to turn over the management of entertainments or dinners to professional promoters—usually with disastrous results. In New York,

the American Fund For British War Aid had a sad experience with a promoter who took charge of a benefit dinner. He was paid a flat fee of \$350 for handling the details, and other "expenses" added to this left a net balance of only \$20.79 out of a gross of \$2,300.

Names of prominent citizens appearing on letterheads as "directors" or members of "advisory" committees are no guarantee of the honesty or efficiency of a charity. It is a simple matter to print up stationery with a list of important names running down the left hand margin, as "Prince Alexis Orloff" did in New York a short time ago.

The "Prince," who was strictly phoney, announced that these good

folk were sponsoring his "fashion show and war relief cocktail party" at a fashionable hotel. His next step was to make the rounds of the smart Fifth Avenue shops, hawking advertising space in the "program" for the occasion. In his eagerness, the "Prince" offered space at such low rates that an advertising manager became suspicious, and had him arrested.

IN THIS CASE, the sponsors had no knowledge that their names were being used, but all too often well-known men and women will authorize some obscure new organization to list them as members or directors without any investigation. The real promoters stay in the background, almost never appearing as officers, especially if their purposes are shady.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is one who is prone to give her endorsement to various individuals and movements without always realizing that her generosity may be exploited by unscrupulous persons.

Last year she sponsored the American Rescue Ship Mission, a project of the United Spanish Aid Committee to evacuate refugees from Spain. Greatly benefited by the power of the Roosevelt name, the Ship Mission raised over \$37,000, but spent more than \$25,000 of this on publicity campaigns and administrative expenses, and therefore lost its State Department license. Mrs. Roosevelt then withdrew, and later it was discovered that the carefully hidden manipulators were all Communists.

The Better Business Bureau of San

Antonio, Texas, has reported that a letter from Mrs. Roosevelt figured in an elaborate "national defense" fraud which has been practised successfully in various western cities by one James K. Fulton and his wife, who operates professionally under the title "Colonel" Harriet Virginia.

A few months ago, Mr. and Mrs. Fulton arrived in San Antonio and started organizing a "Woman's Motor Corps." "Colonel" Virginia paid a visit to the Better Business Bureau and displayed her credentials—a letter from Mrs. Roosevelt, and endorsements from many solid citizens, including the Adjutant General of Texas and General H. J. Brees, retired Commander of the Eighth Corps Area.

"Colonel" Virginia explained that she wanted to organize San Antonio women for national defense, and teach them truck-driving, ambulance-driving, motor repair, radio transmission and kindred subjects. She had no desire to profit from this endeavor, and the women were not required to pay dues. All they had to do was to purchase the official Woman's Motor Corps Uniform at cost—\$10 per uniform.

The details of this scheme sounded fishy to the Better Business Bureau, which began an investigation. It turned out that while "Colonel" Virginia was organizing, her silent husband had placed an order with a local manufacturer for uniforms at \$5 apiece. It also developed that a warrant was out for the lady in Tacoma, Washington, where she had been selling uniforms at 100 per cent

profit to women who enrolled in her "patriotic" National Service League.

The Fultons left San Antonio with at least \$700 profit, but the community turned the fraud into a worthwhile venture. The Woman's Motor Corps now functions in San Antonio as a non-profit institution, with volunteer instructors teaching women to do the useful things which "Colonel" Virginia never imagined they'd do.

But few of the swindles being perpetrated have a happy ending for anyone except the promoters. Money given carelessly to further dishonest schemes is a double evil.

In the first place, it enriches the chiselers and deprives legitimate charities of much-needed support. Second, when a fraud is exposed it causes the public to become suspicious of all charities, and makes future fund-raising efforts more difficult. Therefore it is not only a matter of self-protection but a positive civic duty to make certain that donations go only to worthy causes.

The Better Business Bureau urges that would-be givers consult the Bureau before contributing to unknown charities. If it is an established venture, information will be on file, and

will be immediately available. If there is no record of the charity, the Bureau will investigate.

The fraudulent charities invariably have imposing names, but they also have certain earmarks which make spotting easier. High-powered door-to-door solicitors who want immediate cash are not employed by reputable agencies. Telephone solicitations usually emanate from a swindler's "boiler room," and the Better Business Bureau offers this slogan—"If it's a telephone appeal, it's almost always a racket."

Mail appeals accompanied by packets of matches or merchandise sent on a "remit or return" basis should be disregarded. Chain letter schemes of every description are illegal, no matter whether the letter boosts the sale of defense stamps, or whether it claims that "the fate of several nations depends on this chain."

It is not always safe to depend on local control of charity solicitations despite the excellent laws and ordinances effective in some municipalities which more or less stymie the itinerants who flit from city to city.

Remember, before a cheater can be caught, someone must be cheated.



Safe

SOME YEARS AGO a brash young lady remarked to an up-and-coming English statesman who was trying to grow a mustache, "Mr. Churchill, I like your mustache as little as your politics."

"Don't worry," replied the now Prime Minister, "you are not likely to come in contact with either."

—JULIAN JOHNSON

A battleship is an armored city—the most invulnerable vessel built by man. Yet it can die in two minutes or win at staggering cost



Citadels Afloat

by MICHAEL EVANS

SEVERAL YEARS AGO an accident put a power plant on the Pacific Coast out of commission. A U. S. battleship happened to be standing off the coast. It put into harbor, ran a power line ashore, hooked into the dead electric system and started the generators going. Street lamps flickered back on, factory wheels began turning, lights blinked in the city hospital, and within three hours the town was back to normal.

That was no trick for a battleship. Its generators could provide the juice for a couple of Denvers and have enough left over for Topeka, too.

To build and put a battleship on the ocean costs almost \$100,000,000. It is the most expensive and the most complicated piece of machinery on earth, takes four to six years to build, and has an official life-span of twenty-

six years. Yet, a battleship can die in two minutes. The great *Hood*, 42,100 tons of metal and machines, went to the bottom in three minutes, possibly a little less, and only one of her 1,500 men lived to tell the blinding story.

A battleship is a \$100,000,000 definition of that dog-eared classic of war—to "git thar fustest with the mostest." It fights so hard so fast that many dreadnaught engagements have been won or lost in less time than you take to read this article. The total actual fighting time of all the battleship battles of the last thirty years hardly adds up to twenty-four full hours of fighting.

There are over sixty battleships afloat today. The United States invented the battleship. We started the business with the *Monitor-Merrimac* affair in the Civil War. But, the strange

fact is this: the United States has never fought a modern battleship fight. The last American battleships went into action more than forty years ago in the Spanish war and that didn't amount to much, technically speaking, because the Spanish ships were antiquated old tubs.

WHAT IS a battleship?

It is about two blocks long and shaped like a Pittsburgh stogey. There is more of it under the water than there is above the water.

If the men in one wing of the Ford River Rouge plant lived as well as worked in their factory, they would have a fair approximation of life on a battleship at war.

When a naval designer makes up the plans for a battleship, he first designs the barbettes—those huge steel round-table towers at the top of which the guns are mounted. Then he decides how much armor the ship shall carry—huge pie-slice slabs of steel. He provides the engines and sets out thousands of tons of storage space. After he has fitted in all the machinery, guns, stores and armor, he fills the odd little nooks and crannies with quarters for the 1,200 to 1,500 officers and crew.

A battleship is about a third of a block wide. It has eight or nine main decks but they are so cluttered and cut to pieces that a sailor sometimes has to go up three flights, down four, back up two and walk a block around to go from one steel room to a compartment next door. It generally takes a battleship commander six weeks or

two months just to learn his way about his ship.

The sailors and petty officers of a battleship are its permanent residents. The commander is like the mayor of a small town—he changes every two or three years and like any new mayor, it takes him some time to get acquainted with his “town.”

When the command of one famous U. S. battleship changed in the late twenties, the new captain found his ship in the hands of what the navy calls “politicians,” veterans of many enlistments who were running the huge ship to suit themselves.

Favored jobs in the petty ratings were sold on a cash basis at a standard scale of prices. Laundry berths were hawked at \$50, uniform pressers paid \$60. The lucrative post of tailor sold for \$100. Barbers paid the same. Yeomen in the ship's canteen bought their places for \$75. The scale was fixed in direct ratio to income possibilities.

In the ship's executive office a yeoman clerk was doing a brisk business in 15-day leaves. He charged what the traffic would bear — anywhere from \$10 to \$25. His only competition came from another clerk who was selling liberty checks to sailors who had gotten in trouble and been barred or restricted in shore leaves. The checks were to be had at one to five dollars a night, depending on the risk.

This was during the prohibition era and several yeomen attached to the sick bay had worked up a trade in grain alcohol, from the ship's hospital stores. They cut the alcohol with water and sold it to the crew at a dollar

and a half a pint, or \$3 a quart.

In a cozy storeroom deep in the bowels of the ship a permanent crap game was in progress. It went on day and night. Old hands swore it had run without interruption for at least three years.

The crew of the evaporator room had taken over the chore of scrubbing and shifting the seamen's hammocks, a task which each A. B. was required by regulation to perform for himself. They charged a dollar per hammock and handled 250 hammocks at a crack—the number limited only by their facilities.

Some commanders are not so wise in the way of the gob. But those rackets are, generally, the peace-time troubles of the Navy. It's a safe bet that they are the last worry of U. S. battleship commanders today.

IF YOU TOOK the Empire State building and set it up out in the midst of the Kansas prairie, you'd have the nearest thing to a battleship off the water.

Even the men would fit. The Navy gets about forty per cent of its personnel from the "goiter belt," deep inland regions where the salt ocean is something to read about in books and see in the news reels. Properly enough, the decommissioned training battle-

ship moored up the Hudson in New York, was christened the *U. S. S. Prairie State*.

The resemblance of a battleship to a sea-going prairie village is startling. The ship has practically everything found in a small town. It has fire and police departments and a jail.

The U. S. marines used to police battleships—that is probably the root of the ancient hostility between the leatherneck and the bluejacket. A force of 200 marines is still stationed on each dreadnaught, but the Navy does its own policing now.

On each ship, you'll also find a telephone exchange, considerably bigger and more elaborate than a small town's; a telegraph office (wireless, semaphore, and blinker signalling apparatus); a print shop equipped with linotype machines which turn out a ship newspaper and daily bulletins and orders; a movie theater (films are shown on deck except during war blackouts, and warships at sea frequently rendezvous to exchange films); a big central kitchen and bakery (electrified) which turn out pies in batches of 200 and 20 dozen loaves of bread at a time; a library and recreation room; a soda fountain; a post office and system of letter boxes.

Every sort of craftsman and artisan is represented on the ship—plumbers,



steamfitters, blacksmiths, joiners, painters, electricians, radio technicians, carpenters, boilermakers, every kind of engineer, but no paperhangers. Almost every man aboard the ship is a specialist of some kind.

THE COMMANDER of a battleship lives like a swank New York penthouse dweller high above Park Avenue. He has his modern suite, decorated in impeccable if unoriginal taste, his small personal force of servants—usually Filipinos—and even his own private terrace: the captain's deck starboard of the quarter deck where he walks alone in sunshine or storm unless, by invitation, another officer joins him. His service is silver, and his china the best that money can buy. His linens are damask. A log glows in his fireplace and you have to look twice to be sure that it is electric.

This is expensive business.

It becomes more expensive when a battleship clears for action. There is no fixed woodwork on a battleship except for the planking on the main deck. The first order when a dreadnaught is about to enter an engagement is to toss all wood overboard. Into the ocean go the fine chairs and tables of the captain's suite—everything but his silver plate. Into the sea go the tables and benches of the crew's messroom. Overboard go wooden boats and orange crates. Every scrap of wood on the ship goes into the sea. Wood splinters under high explosive shells and fills the air with a deadly hail of shrapnel. So overboard it goes along with almost any-

thing else in the way of movable objects.

The United States has eighteen battleships fit for action—fifteen old ones, dating from 1911 to 1923, and three crack models added in 1941. We have embarked on a program that will add another fourteen to our total, making a record breaking number of thirty-two.

Not only are these floating citadels expensive—the upkeep is terrific.

Every time the nine big guns of a U. S. battleship are fired, the treasury gets a bill for \$15,000. Those guns can fire three shots every two minutes. In a single hour they could send nearly \$1,500,000 to blazes. If the Navy lined up its 18 battleships and told them to fire their big guns for an hour it would cost over \$25,000,000.

Those guns fire 15 to 20 miles. Their recoil will ram a ship from three to seven feet through the water. After a battleship has been through an action in which the big guns have been fired, it has to head in to port for repairs. The recoil and concussion of the main batteries springs plates, sets bulkheads leaking, breaks pipes, cracks gears.

ROUGHLY SPEAKING, a battleship is about one-third armor plate—slabs along the sides to protect vulnerable spots and heavy plates on the deck or buried inside of the ship to protect against air bombs or shells which plop down at acute angles.

Another third of a battleship's weight is its hull—the steel framework like the skeleton of a skyscraper.

The last third is divided something

like this: guns and munitions stores, about one-eighth; machinery, the huge turbines, gears and boilers—about one-seventh; equipment, cranes, cookstoves, binoculars, range finders, switchboards and telephones, about 3 per cent; fuel stores—oil, up to 4,000 tons, almost enough to take the ship around the world.

That means that anywhere from 14,000 to 16,000 tons of a battleship's weight is dead metal—armor plate. Battleship speeds range from a little more than 20 knots—the speed of the slothful old American dreadnaughts—to something over 30 knots, about the same as 45 miles an hour on land.

That's as though a man loaded down in a diver's suit could run the 100-yard dash in 10 seconds. It gives you some idea of the tremendous power plants necessary to propel a battleship through the water.

BATTLESHIPS are built like walruses. Their hide is so thick that it takes luck as well as skill to sink them.

The British in this war have lost two battleships due to lucky hits. The old *Royal Oak*, a pre-World-War ship o' the line, plummeted to the bottom at Scapa Flow like a sitting pigeon when hit by a torpedo fired by the lucky, and able, German U-boat captain—Lieutenant Guenther Prien. Prien's luck was in sneaking into the British base undetected and ramming home a square torpedo hit.

But the sinking of the *Hood*, the greatest warship afloat, was another sort of luck. This was the same combination of Achilles heel and mis-

fortune which cost the British so dearly at Jutland:

A single shell from the brand new Nazi battleship *Bismarck* crashed down on a gun turret of the *Hood*, causing a powder flash which raced with the speed of lightning to the ship's magazine and exploded the huge dreadnaught in the fraction of a second.

This type of hit—this identical type of hit—cost the British three battleships at Jutland. *Hood* was supposed to have been redesigned to incorporate the lessons of Jutland. Apparently the naval builders erred. But battleships are not always so vulnerable. *Bismarck* was hit repeatedly in the *Hood* engagement. It was subject to full out bombardment by two battleships but it did not sink. It did not sink until torpedoes were fired squarely into its wounded sides. And *Prince of Wales*, the fine new British dreadnaught, took hits from the *Bismarck* in the same battle and was not seriously injured.

A torpedo is probably the battleship's worst enemy because it hits where it can do the worst damage. A huge shell crashes down on the superstructure of a battleship, often causing plenty of trouble. It knocks out gun turrets and smashes control positions. But unless it sends an explosive flash into a powder magazine and sets off an internal blast deep within the ship, the dreadnaught, though wounded, hobbles along. The same is true of bombs. No bomb yet has sunk a battleship unless the Germans or the British have suffered a loss which they have not made public.

Bombs have caused damage—serious damage—to battleships, particularly to some of the British warships operating in the Mediterranean and to German battleships like the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* which the RAF caught moored stationary in harbors.

But torpedoes are another story. A torpedo sank the *Royal Oak*. A torpedo salvo sank the *Bismarck* after battleship shells crippled her. Torpedoes fired by British planes wrecked the Italian high seas fleet at Taranto.

A TORPEDO is a costly article. It is chock full of machinery which propels it through the water at a speed of 40 to 50 knots. The warhead of the torpedo is crammed with several hundred pounds of explosive. It is built to crash through the steel walls of a ship's side and explode only after penetrating the interior. The reason a torpedo hit is so dangerous is that the wound lies at or below the water line, enabling the sea to pour in.

For protection the battleship is

girded with a belt of armor, usually about 16 inches thick and 12 to 20 feet wide which extends from well above the water line to considerably below it. In addition most battleships are equipped with a "bulge." This is simply an ungainly steel bustle fastened to the ship's sides. The idea is that the torpedo will crash through the outside wall and explode inside the "bulge" but still outside the ship's main wall. The bulge is usually used to store oil.

The interior of the ship is combed with watertight compartments. If the torpedo rams inside, the compartments can be blocked off, and flood and damage limited.

But even so, torpedoes sink battleships. The dreadnaught is the biggest, toughest ship afloat. But the ship will never be built that cannot be sunk.

—Suggestion for further reading:

BATTLE STATIONS

by Alec Hudson

The Macmillan Company, New York

\$1.25



Didn't Smell the Rat, Though

DE AUBER, the celebrated animal painter, studied his patrons no less carefully than his subjects. One day he was observed by a friend in the act of vigorously rubbing a piece of raw meat over a rabbit in the foreground of a painting he had just finished. Asked to explain this peculiar touch, De Auber replied, "Mrs. Blank is coming to see this picture today. When she sees her pet poodle smell that rabbit and get excited about it, she will buy it on the spot."

She did buy it, too.

—ANDREW MEREDITH

Today an amateur magician can keep right up with the best professional—even beat him at his own game. Here's how it is done—so watch carefully



Mail Order Magic

by KENT SAGENDORPH

IT WAS ABOUT lunchtime. "Where shall we go?" I asked. My executive friend opened a desk drawer and took out a couple of eggs. "How'd you like a nice omelette? I haven't got a frying pan here, but I can use your hat."

I watched him crack those eggs and drop their gooey contents into my Sunday chapeau, adding a little milk from a half-pint bottle which, somehow, had also gotten into his desk drawer. Then he mixed and stirred the mess vigorously. I was plenty burned up.

But the omelette wasn't. He reached inside and withdrew a sizzling, savory, golden-brown triumph. He held it up proudly. "Ha!" he erupted. "I'll bet you never saw anything like that. It's a real omelette. Take a bite! Ho! Ho! Had you fooled, didn't I? Well, I just paid five bucks for that trick—it'll wow 'em at the club."

The hat, of course, was undamaged. Not even warm. I couldn't see any gas pipes or electric wires to supply the heat, but beyond question an omelette

had been created. It was magic.

This proud prestidigitator is a typical amateur magician, one of many thousand Americans who have lost their hearts to hocus-pocus. Everywhere, in every state and locality, you'll see men like him and ladies too; you'll see kindergarten tots lisping "prethto!" at school parties and pulling stuffed bunnies out of teacher's handbag. The most astounding magic trick in recent years is the mushrooming growth of this movement itself.

Manufacturers and dealers in the trade are bewildered. One mail-order dealer in Chicago sold *half a million dollars'* worth of low-priced magic effects to beginners in a single year.

Dealers hope this isn't doomed to become another craze, like miniature golf and candid cameras. On their books they note that dignified old dowagers are buying magic flower centerpieces for their tables—flowers which wilt disgustedly when the conversation bogs down in gossip, only to perk up sud-

denly in great glee when the visitors say, "Well girls, let's go home."

Another huge seller is the magician's alarm clock, set to go off in a loud clanging when the visiting salesman deviates from the truth. Businessmen call it their "lie detector."



CHARACTERISTICALLY, the best seller of all in the magic trade is a piece of apparatus for a typical suburban recreation room. In its simplest form (two dollars) it is a little jigger whiskey glass—a "natural" for a guest who's had three or four. The host pours the guest a drink and hands him the glass. But the guest never receives it. Somewhere between hand and mouth the whole thing disappears.

In the trade this is called the "squash trick"—named after the device used to keep the liquid from spilling during the disappearing process. It has numberless variations. One of them causes the drink to vanish as the guest is about to gulp it, leaving him staring incredulously at an empty glass. A companion piece to this little sally is the magic cocktail shaker which apparently turns pure water into any concoction the merry-makers call for. You can pour a rye highball into one glass and beer into the next, yet there is nothing but water in the shaker.

These and other "gag effects" are the magic dealer's steady sellers. They also tempt the buyer to try other gadgets—like the wooden block with

the piece of rope through it which will mysteriously cut right through the wood and leave no trace.

That's something he has to practice. When he can do it, he's proud of it and wants to show it to somebody. In his community there might be a hundred other people just like himself. Inevitably they have come together, the better to mystify each other—until now there are tightly-organized national chains of local magic clubs.

Of these, three are great national societies with scores of local chapters and many thousands of members. The newsworthy Society of American Magicians, whose conventions always make headlines, is one of the largest. However, it is probably no larger than the other two: the International Brotherhood of Magicians and the International Alliance of Magicians. On the West Coast there is the regional Pacific Coast Association of Magicians which holds its own national conventions with over twenty local units.



A DIRECTORY of magic clubs published in the *Sphinx*, the magicians' trade magazine, shows local clubs in every U. S. state. They meet weekly or semi-monthly, usually in some small auditorium which has a stage and a curtain. Many units have built their own little theatres in lofts, warehouses or unused floors of retail stores operated by members.

The Rouclere Assembly No. 25, S.A.M., of Teaneck, New Jersey, meets

in the bedroom furniture department of a local store. In New England many units meet in the summer theatres built out of superannuated barns.

Some of the meetings of these units read like the minutes of granges or city lodge meetings. At Springfield, Massachusetts, the Valley Conjurers' Assembly No. 17 invited Vynn Boyer, secretary of the nearby Waterbury Assembly, to come over and meet the local talent. He acted as chairman and introduced all the Springfield members, each of whom did his favorite stunt. Dr. Emil T. Gagnon had one he called the "mysteries of the Orient;" Dr. I. L. Calkins presented "streamlined magic;" Al Rapisdara did a turn called "the Karson Slicko." Afterward, refreshments were served by the Ladies' Magic Circle.

One local unit of the Society elects members in typical magic fashion. The sergeant-at-arms fans a deck of cards, and each member selects one. The sergeant then passes among the members, shouting: "Take a card, any card. And don't show me what it is." When each member has one, the sergeant tosses the remainder of the deck into the air. It vanishes, and the cards selected by the members appear out of nowhere, fluttering down on the table. Red cards elect; black ones reject.

While all professional conjurers belong to one or another of these national guilds, they constitute only the merest sprinkling among the membership. Doctors, lawyers and businessmen outnumber professionals more than fifty to one in each of the top three guilds. There are more bankers in the Society

of American Magicians than professional magicians. Even at national conventions of the guilds there are few stage performers. Most of the attention and the overwhelming bulk of the new inventions shown are for and by the amateurs.

In magic, the best amateur can keep right up with the best professional and frequently beat him at his own game. The largest collection of magic equipment in the world belongs to a wealthy amateur, who would roar with laughter at the mere idea of putting his show on the road for a fee. Some of the most elaborate effects have been invented by amateurs and sold on royalty to professionals.

Amateur magic tricks are individually inexpensive and look flashier and more intricate than they actually are. Although two young Pittsburghers recently bought \$1,500 worth of magic equipment for display in an ornate basement theatre on their estate, this is a record investment in the field of amateur magic expense. The hobby is only a fraction as expensive as golf; not a drop in the bucket along side home movies. Most amateurs say it costs less than photography.



THERE ARE three kinds of popular magic, the simplest of which is the *trick*. This is a mere motion or a surprising result of some kind achieved with a single gadget and requiring no practice. A *trick* is accomplished by the gadget itself; for example the banana

with the zipper, which usually gets a laugh and thus accomplishes its mission.

Next in the scale of magic technique is the *effect*, requiring practice and skill in addition to the apparatus. One of the best-known magic *effects* is the Si Stebbins card deck, by means of which a magician can identify and name any card in the deck instantly at distances up to a hundred feet. He usually has an assistant passing through the audience allowing spectators to select and conceal cards, which he can name as fast as they decide which to select. It's a standard stage *effect*, in use by professionals for a decade. Today any amateur can buy a Si Stebbins deck, practice with it for perhaps an hour, and achieve the same effect which formerly required years of practice on the part of professionals.

Most complex and highest in the scale of popular magic is the *illusion*. Harry Houdini popularized the handcuff and escape *illusion*; Blackstone popularized the "sawing the woman in half" *illusion*. It requires special lights, bulky, heavy cabinets or milk cans, several assistants and a big investment, all of which is climaxed by the audience's surprise when the *illusion* succeeds. But amateurs have found that people are equally surprised when one of their neighbors passes a hand over a card deck and changes a nine of clubs to a nine of hearts.

The *illusion* still belongs on the stage, and amateurs avoid it. The man with a \$10 theatre in his basement recreation room and about \$25 worth of magic equipment on the

shelves cannot find room for huge Chinese escape cabinets. Besides he can get more fun out of making some twenty-five-cent gadget vanish in his own home recreation room.

Rising higher in the realm of difficult amateur magic, certain members of the guilds amaze their fellows with an expensive illusion which starts out as some seeds in a dish. Before your eyes there appears a tiny shoot which presently becomes a magnificent rosebush. The climax comes when the performer picks two or three roses and hands them to the ladies. They are real roses—they ought to be, because the trick costs \$200. It is about the most expensive illusion available to recreation-room magicians. For a mere \$70 one can buy a beautiful dollhouse which, when you say the magic word, will produce a live baby doll (blonde) with curls and ruffles and a vocabulary adapted to today's changing world of magic. She doesn't say "mama." She comes straight to the most prosperous-appearing man in the room and says: "Daddy—gimme!"



IT SEEMS truly incredible that so many Americans, with no intention of cashing in on their skill by turning to the professional stage, should be buying gadgets like these. But many a basement which formerly contained only a furnace and a curtained-off bar has now blossomed forth into an extremely practical, workable theatre.

In such an atmosphere many a successful U.S. citizen has discovered a new hobby, less expensive than most others and hilariously funny. It is no news by now that U.S. Senator Bob Reynolds, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, is a rabid magic fan and adept at performing professional-type effects. In Hollywood, names like James Stewart, Edgar Bergen and Orson Welles add lustre to the rolls of magic clubs. Welles is spoken of by top-ranking professionals with awe—he has one of the nation's prize collections of magic equipment and can present a program infinitely better than most of theirs.

He, and men like him throughout the U.S., are replacing the famous billboard-and-marquee magician as top patrons of the flourishing art.

Houdini, considered the greatest of them all, has been dead several years. Herman the Great—Keller—Howard Thurston—where are they now? Most have long since vanished in their last disappearing cabinets. Professional magic is a night-club novelty act now, with little of the glitter that surrounded it during the half-century of its heyday.

Today the art of the conjurer is returning to the people.

—Suggestions for further reading:

MODERN MAGIC by Prof. Hoffman	\$1.00
David McKay Company, Philadelphia	
MODERN MAGIC MANUAL by Jean Hugard	\$3.50
Harper & Brothers, New York	
ILLUSTRATED MAGIC by Ottokar Fischer	\$2.50
The Macmillan Company, New York	



Epic for Puppets

WHAT is probably the longest play in dramatic history is performed in nightly installments in a tiny theatre in the heart of New York's old Italian section. Each performance is two hours long, yet to run its course the drama takes no less than thirteen months.

This epic is *Orlando Furioso*, Sicilian folk play, starring the Sicilian puppets of Agrippino (Papa) Manteo. Even the puppets are in the super class, for they are four and five feet tall, some weighing as much as two hundred pounds. Electrician by day,

impresario by night, Papa Manteo calls on his numerous sons and daughters to help him in the manipulation of the ponderous doll-actors.

The one hundred twenty-five seats in the theatre usually are filled by neighbors of Papa Manteo, but around Christmas time, visitors from Park Avenue and Sutton Place drift in. Regular patrons get a padlock and chain for their seats when they're not using them—which isn't often, for the bloody deeds of the bold knight, Orlando, are too exciting to miss.

—MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

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A Madman's Dream—by Arthur Szyk

The New Order

by Arthur Szyk

THE cartoons reproduced on this astonishingly brilliant, humorous and, at the same time, deadly serious gatefold are the work of the outstanding Polish artist of our day—Arthur Szyk—carefully selected from his already famous book, *The New Order*. Words are not equal to the task of describing exactly what Mr. Szyk has accomplished in this new, completely original form of art. Perhaps the best description of viewing Mr. Szyk's work is to liken it to an actual *physical* sensation. For example, in the brilliant full-color masterpiece on the reverse side of this gatefold, you can almost hear the click of the shining teeth of the Japanese militarist. Today, Szyk lives with his daughter in New York City while his son fights "somewhere in Eritrea" with the Free French forces. As Thomas Craven, American art critic, put it, Szyk's work is "as compact as a bomb." To which we might add—"and equally as effective."



PH. D.



ENEMIES OF THE THIRD REICH



HIGH COMMAND



JOYOUS COLLABORATORS

Not of Our Species



Whether or not they possess a sixth sense, animals can still amaze the men who mastered them, as these well-authenticated stories show

• • • As a treat for the local birds, Henry Sharp of Asheville, North Carolina, pressed several particles of suet into the bark of an old tree. Among the birds who immediately assembled was a nuthatch whose beak hung open in a peculiar fashion. Closer examination revealed that the bird's lower jaw had evidently been dislocated.

The nuthatch made several attempts to obtain a piece of the suet. However, its injured jaw refused to function. Suddenly the bird left the tree and flew to a nearby brick wall. Here it searched until it found a spot where the mortar between the bricks had fallen out. Inserting its beak into this crack, it moved its head back and forth until the injured jaw slipped into place. Then it returned to the tree and plucked from it a tiny bit of suet.

Immediately the jaw again slipped out of position. The nuthatch then

returned to the brick wall and re-aligned its beak with the aid of the crack. By repeating the procedure a number of times, the bird was able to obtain a fair amount of food.



• • • Since penguins overran the sub-Antarctic island of South Georgia, where he and his expedition were camped, Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy of the American Museum of Natural History wondered why he and his men never saw dead bodies of the birds.

Exploring a remote part of the island, Dr. Murphy one day came upon a small transparent lake formed entirely of snow water. Around its margin stood several sickly penguins. Looking down into the clear water, Dr. Murphy saw thousands of dead

penguins lying on the blue bottom of the lake.

Weary and dying, the birds apparently toiled up to this secluded spot and made their last dive into the translucent water. In that frigid grave their bodies might undergo no change for months, perhaps years.



• • • In order to chart the paths of bird migrations, the U. S. Biological Survey uses a system of leg banding. The birds are trapped, given a free meal and have an identification band fastened to one leg. Soon after this system was inaugurated, birds which were already banded began intentionally to enter the traps. Thereupon they enjoyed a free meal, were released and waited until the traps were set again in the morning.

These bird "chisellers" have become an ever increasing problem to the Biological Survey. One bird entered a trap seven times in a row, receiving a week's free meals.



• • • Darwin in the *Descent of Man* cites a well known naturalist's observations of the doings of an ordinary crab. The naturalist threw a rock into the crab's burrow. The crustacean immediately removed the offending stone and carried it a safe distance from his burrow.

He then carefully examined the

sand about the mouth of his tunnel, apparently believing that the rock had rolled in by chance. Finding two other stones which might also roll in, he removed these and piled them with the first. Then, to his way of thinking, having completely eliminated the danger, he returned to his burrow.

Pondering the case, Darwin states, "It would, I think, be difficult to distinguish this act from one performed by man, with the aid of reason."

• • • "Mischief," a small terrier, had been forbidden to cross the street in front of his home in Sidon, Mississippi. One day he sat on the front porch watching a canine convention on the other side of the street. Twice he was observed by Mrs. W. B. Harvey to start across. Each time, training overcame desire.

Finally he sat a long time, thinking. The street which baffled him had a dead end, and it was on this that he concentrated his attention. At last he became convinced of the law of the case, and trotted to the dead end, where he calmly crossed the street, ran back to the middle of the block, and joined the other dogs. When he returned home, he did so by the same roundabout way.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.



Mad Mission to BERLIN

by Oscar Schisgall

Beginning a thrilling and prophetic novel concerning some young people of the old order and one old man of the so-called new order. Here perhaps is the answer to what will happen if Hess talks—in four installments.

BY THE TIME the *All Clear* sounded, Lieutenant John Frazer had taken all he could of Dwight's sarcasm. He opened the cellar door and said in a tight voice, "Let's get out of here."

They climbed out of the shelter in silence. Dwight started up the stairs first, struggling on unfamiliar crutches. John, a step behind his brother, kept an arm ready to help; the sight of those bullet-shattered legs always

made him feel a little sick. The two servants came last, heads lowered.

Near the top Dwight said, "God, I'm shaky—"

"I'll fix you a drink."

Dwight turned a bitter face. His eyes and cheeks were as sunken as they'd been in the hospital. "Your nerves never get frazzled, do they, John?"

"Oh, yes."

"Oh, no. I've never seen 'em really jittery. I expect it's because you've plenty of time to rest 'em all day—with your britches pasted to an office chair." Dwight dropped a harsh laugh, shook his head and continued

climbing. "Lucky fellow, fighting the war at a desk."

John Frazer's lean face was pale, but he didn't reply. There were things he had to say to his brother tonight, but not while the maids listened.

*They climbed out of
the shelter in silence.*



"That's the clever part of being an American," Dwight went on. "You chaps get the soft jobs."

"All right," John said through stiff lips. "I ought to be fighting in the R.A.F. I ought to be marching across Iran with Dad. Anything except what I'm doing. . . . Let's drop it."

As he went into the drawing room to mix a whisky and soda, his eyes were turbulent. It was his father, he remembered, who had steered him into Intelligence. Colonel Frazer had argued that the Government could put John's years at Heidelberg, his knowledge of German, to no better use. So it had been Intelligence—sitting at a desk, decoding German documents while you smoked a pipe.

Well, it was an essential job. Not heroic, perhaps. Not as spectacular as Dwight's flights with the R.A.F. But now and then you stumbled on something that saved a thousand lives. He knew Dwight wouldn't be contemptuous of the work if it weren't for the other thing—his being an American.

He brought Dwight the glass. Beyond the arched doorway of the dining room, he saw, the maids were removing supper dishes. He'd have to wait till they were gone.

John Frazer went to the window, pulled the black curtain a quarter of an inch to look out into the darkness. Over the other side of London a red glow quivered in the skies. Docks burning, he supposed.

But he couldn't concentrate on that. Dwight's sarcasm still churned in him. *He's sick*, he tried to tell himself. *He doesn't realize what he's saying*. It wasn't easy to believe that, however, because he knew Dwight's bitterness had started long before he'd been shot down by a Messerschmitt. To be exact, it had started in the month before the war when John Frazer, on his twenty-first birthday, had refused to apply for British citizenship.

John's father, curiously enough, had been quite decent about it. But Dwight had been outraged.

"Are you crazy?" he'd cried. "You've spent most of your life in England. You belong to England as much as I do! The sheer accident of having been born in the States—how

can a thing like that matter?"

Dwight hadn't been the only one who'd been baffled. A few weeks later there had been the recruiting officer. "'Ow's it that in a family of Englishmen you're the only American?"

"My mother was American," John had explained.

"Still an' all, it don't make sense—"

"It's really quite simple, sir. Just before I was born, my mother became ill. That was toward the end of the World War. My father made her go back to her people in Savannah; he thought wartime London a bit too much for her nerves. So I was born in a Savannah hospital — born an American. Of course, we returned here after the Armistice."

"Been back to the States since?"

"Yes, sir. Several times."

"And you expect to remain an American, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why d'you want to enlist in the British army?"

"You might say England's my country, too."

The recruiting officer had studied him a while, then shrugged. "Well," he'd said, "it sounds a bit balmy, but I expect we can use you."

Big Ben startled the past out of John Frazer's mind. It was eighty-three. At nine he had to report to the War Office, perhaps for the last time. . . . He turned away from the window.

The maids were no longer in the dining room; they were safe enough

behind the closed kitchen door.

He walked out of shadows into the light—a tall man with powerful shoulders. Dwight, he saw, had lowered himself into an easy chair. With the crutches propped against a bookcase, he was coddling his glass in emaciated hands. A lamp burned near him, revealing all the haggardness of his face.

"Dwight," he said, "I want to say goodbye. I'm leaving London tonight."

Dwight looked up in surprise. "Why? Where're they sending you?"

"To Germany."

The word didn't immediately have its effect. Perhaps it sounded too fantastic. But when it did seep into Dwight, he straightened. He put his glass aside, his eyes incredulous.

"What—what the devil are you talking about?"

"They're sending three men who can speak German well enough to pass as Nazi fliers. They've got two

volunteers from the R.A.F.—Wing Commander Whitefell and Squadron Leader Dix. They wanted the third from Intelligence. I volunteered this afternoon."

"John!"

"I had to. It was too big a thing to pass up. The rumors we got yesterday about Rudolph Hess—they were confirmed today. Hess finally *did* talk. A great deal. Enough to start things popping at the War Office. At Downing Street, too, I expect."

"But for God's sake, man—to fly into Germany—"

John Frazer decided to ignore his brother's shock. He pulled up a chair

*"Dwight," he said,
"I want to say
goodbye. I'm leaving
London tonight."*



and straddled it, crossing his arms on its back. He tried to talk quietly.

"I saw the Hess report," he said. "Hess had a touch of grippe. The prison camp doctors poured hot toddies into him. Too many—they got him drunk. Once he was drunk, he became garrulous. Spouted typical Nazi stuff. Germany, he said, will dominate Europe within two years. Not only England and Soviet Russia, but the Mediterranean. The officers at the prison camp, hearing him talk, guessed they'd got their hands into something. To draw him out they argued. Told Hess the Mediterranean would logically be Italy's. He sneered the idea down. Germany, he said, will obliterate Italy. She'll have to do it to guarantee her undisputed control of the Mediterranean. She'll turn on Italy as unhesitatingly as she turned on her other partner, Russia—once she finishes with the rest of Europe.

There'll be no room on the Continent, Hess said, for two dominant races."

JOHN FRAZER stopped. One of the maids appeared to place a silver bowl on the dining room table. He waited, despite Dwight's tense impatience, until the woman had gone back to the kitchen. Then he went on:

"Hess told them the German mind, German psychology, will be educated to the necessity of turning on Italy. It will be done with one of those hate

campaigns in the German press—this time against Mussolini."

"A stab in the back—"

"That's it. According to Hess, Goebbels has already prepared the campaign. He's made notes for it. Notes for a whole series of editorials. His notes have been turned over to a Dr. Reinhardt Geist who's doing the actual writing."

John paused, looking into the fireplace. After a moment he swallowed hard.

"We've dug up quite a bit of information on this Dr. Geist," he said. "He's one of their best propagandists. A former professor of Latin and Greek. Wealthy chap with an estate near

A movie about an author who spent all day on the veranda of his Riviera villa sipping long, cool drinks lured Oscar Schisgall into the writing game at seventeen. He wrote 300 stories before he sold his first, earning his living meanwhile as salesman, coal miner and news reporter.

Berlin, where he does his work. Intelligence has marked the place on maps. It's got fifteen acres of lawn—enough to permit a plane to land."

Dwight's hand clamped like a claw on John Frazer's leg. His hollow eyes burned. "So they're sending you for the Goebbels notes? And what about the editorials?"

John nodded.

"How do they know Hess isn't lying? To risk three lives on a drunken man's boastings—"

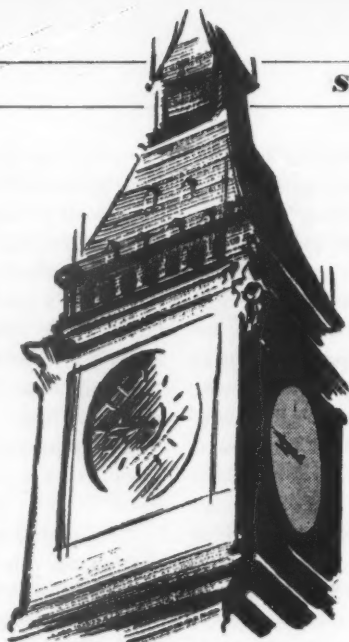
"It's worth taking the chance," John said. "If he did tell the truth, if these notes exist and we can get them, if we can take them into Italy with proof of their authenticity—you see what they can mean, don't you?"

Yes, Dwight saw. The vision blazed in his eyes. He saw Italy alienated from Germany as from something poisonous. Such notes might serve to take the Italians out of the war at once—in fury against their Axis partner. They might free the British armies now holding the Italians in check in North Africa. Release the British fleet from patrols. He saw it all as a hard, decisive blow against Germany . . .

In the vast excitement of it Dwight's bitterness, his mordant sarcasm, were forgotten. "But John," he asked, "how the devil do they expect you chaps to get into the Geist place? And away from it?"

"We're to get our orders tonight," said John. "I don't know the details."

Out of the London stillness Big Ben rang again. There was something doggedly British in those bells, John Frazer always thought; a rhythm that was unhurried, unchanging, unaffected by the crashes of a thousand bombs. Some nights it was the only sane sound in the city. Now it came like a signal. A quarter of nine. John slowly rose and forced a smile.



Big Ben broke the London stillness.

"Time to say cheerio."

The coldness of Dwight's fingers creeping into his palm startled him. They lay there like something dead. Then, convulsively, his grip hardened.

"John, old man—" Dwight Frazer's face twisted in a tortured way. He spoke, and the words were choked. "I—I've been pretty much of a louse, haven't I, John?"

LATE THAT October afternoon Dr. Reinhardt Geist stood at the Gothic window of his study. Without seeing, he gazed over the immaculate expanse of his lawns. Though the grass was still green, nearby trees had already begun to flaunt vivid reds and yellows and browns; and when the breeze blew, leaves scurried among them with a rustling song.

A short man, thickset, lumpy about the shoulders, he kept his hands clasped behind his back. His hair was almost white, and he had a small, neatly trimmed Vandyke. When he was thoughtful, his face lost its austerity. It became a sad face.

"Herr Doktor—"

He turned at the call, adjusted his pince nez. Two typewriters clattered in the study. His niece, Elsa Geist,

worked at one, transcribing from a notebook the things Dr. Geist had dictated today. The other machine was being operated by young Fritz Kauber—clever, dynamic, unscrupulous Fritz Kauber whom Dr. Goebbels had sent down from Berlin. He had the features, Dr. Geist sometimes thought, of a young Satan—and he disliked them intensely.

"What do you think of this, Herr Doktor?" Kauber read from the paper in his typewriter: "Since there are forty million Nazi sympathizers in the United States of America, how can the President claim to speak for the whole nation? By what logic does he proclaim himself the spokesman of those who do not even pretend to support him?"

Before Dr. Geist could reply, Elsa turned an angry face from her machine. "But that is too absurd! There are no forty million—"

"It does not have to be true if it's effective!"

Dr. Geist said gently, "You go too far, Fritz. You cannot make anyone believe *nonsense*."

"If we say it often enough, they'll believe it."

"You believe it will bolster German morale when people think they have forty million friends in America—"

"*Sicher*."

"—and then feel, as they see American help going to England, that their friends have turned against them. No, Fritz, we must be more skillful."

Dr. Geist
dictated today.

Fritz Kauber rubbed an uncertain hand over his chin. Then a grin came to his face and he shrugged. He picked up a pencil, made a correction.

"Maybe you're right," he said. "I'll call it twenty million."

Dr. Geist sighed. He glanced at Elsa and shook his head. At Heidelberg, he knew, Fritz Kauber had been a brilliant student; but time seemed to have done incomprehensible things to the boy. . . .

OUTSIDE the window, on the gravelled path, an automobile rolled to a stop. Dr. Geist looked at it, then began to button his tweed jacket. Tonight he must go to dine with four army chiefs. The Staff needed a series of articles to show how well the soldiers on the Russian front were being fed and clothed.

"I'll be back about nine," Dr. Geist said to his niece.

"These will be ready," she promised.

Fritz Kauber didn't speak at all. He went on typewriting until the doctor was gone. Then he lifted his eyes to Elsa, and a smile crept over his lips. She was lovely. Exquisite—



a slim girl with golden hair; and bright, intelligent eyes. He rose. He went across the study and stood over her.

"Elsa."

"Fritz, I've begged you not to annoy me when I'm working."

"There'll be time for work later." Still smiling, he caught her hands, tried to lift her from the chair with a persistent pull. "All day," he said, "I have been waiting for a moment to kiss you."

"Please, Fritz!" An angry flush spread in her cheeks. This was one of the things she hated in Fritz Kauber—his assumption that she had any feelings for him. She had despised him the day he had entered the house.

"You are unreasonable," he protested. And chuckling, he added, "The trouble with you is you're not loyal to the Reich."

That shocked Elsa. It made the

flush fade. "What — what do you mean?"

"Girls like you should not waste so much time at a typewriter. You should be marrying. You should be having babies for the Reich—many babies."

"Oh—" It was a shuddering sound, half relief, half disgust. She managed to disengage her hands. "Fritz, let's stop this nonsense. There's so much to do—"

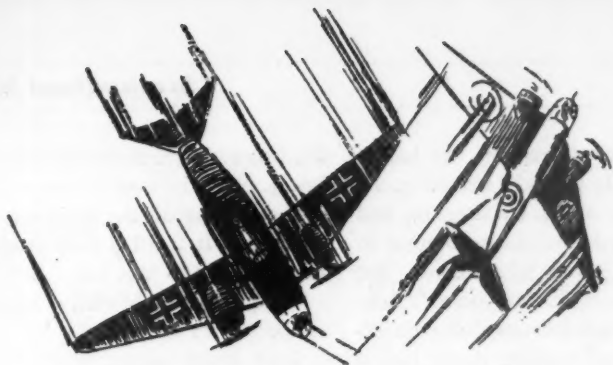
It was then they heard the sounds which made them forget each other. Sounds that dropped out of the skies. The whines of motors, the staccato rattle of shots. . . .

Kauber was startled. He listened to another fusillade. Then, losing color, he ran out of the study. Elsa at once followed. On the veranda she saw that the three servants, too, had come out. They were staring skyward.

Two planes were directly above the



Fritz Kauber said hoarsely, "That's a Heinkel and a Britisher."



The English craft banked and escaped the collision.

house. Elsa saw them against a background of gray twilight clouds. Saw them dive and swerve and zoom past each other, jockeying around for position. They were flying at a fantastic speed.

Fritz Kauber said hoarsely, "That's a Heinkel and a Britisher."

They were fighting at little more than a thousand feet. Elsa watched in fascination that was like horror. The scream of motors sent chills through her. She watched the Heinkel dive at the British plane's tail. A crash seemed inevitable. Yet the English craft banked and escaped the collision.

Their guns clattered in a harsh, passing duel.

Then something happened to one of the planes. Its nose dropped. It spun earthward, crazily. It fell five hundred feet before its pilot managed to regain control. Then it leveled off, but not to climb back into conflict. It continued to spiral downward in wobbly, sweeping circles.

Fritz cried out in dismay. It was the Heinkel. The British plane was zooming toward the clouds.

L EFTENANT John Frazer sat in the bombardier's seat of the Heinkel, under the pilot's feet. As he looked down through goggles, he breathed heavily. He felt dizzy after the combat, and his stomach was drawn into a rocky lump. But he didn't mind that. The exhilaration in him made all other feelings unimportant.

The voice in the earphones said, "Steady. It's going to be a bumpy landing."

"Right, sir."

He had to admire Wing Commander Whitefell's skill with the Heinkel. Whitefell handled it as if he'd been flying German planes all his life. A giant of a man with straw-colored hair, he had been as calm through all this as if it were a pleasure flight around Croydon. Back in the "bubble" Squadron Leader Dix had been managing the guns with equal skill.

Through the three-way communications system Whitefell asked, "Can you see the other plane, Dix?"

"No, sir. It's in the clouds."

"Very well. Hang on. Here we go for a landing. . . ."

John Frazer clung to his seat. The

Heinkel cleared tree-tops by half a dozen feet. It was still wobbling. Its nose pointed at the Geist lawns, and when it struck the plane bounced in a way that jarred John's bones. But that was all right. He couldn't help grinning. Whitefell was doing an excellent job of coming down like a stricken bird.

As the plane taxied over the lawns, John saw people running from the house. There was a girl with golden hair. A slim girl in a sweater and skirt. Beside her came a dark-faced man, and three other people—two women and an old fellow in a servant's apron—were following.

Well, things were working quite smoothly.

John thought of the instructions at the War Office: "We have a Heinkel that was shot down over Sussex," the major had said. "It's been recon-ditioned—except for bullet markings—and is ready for you. You will fly it to Wiesenburg at 20,000 feet. A British plane will accompany you at 25,000 feet, out of sight. Over Wiesenburg you will descend to a thousand feet, where the British plane will engage you in combat. From the ground that combat must look *genuine*. The Heinkel will lose. It will make a forced landing on the Geist estate—unable to go on without repairs, you will explain. After that, gentlemen, you will depend on yourselves. If you find the Goebbels notes, you will fly them back to England. . . ."

The plane rolled on slowly. White-

fell was taking it to the far end of the lawns. Near the trees he turned it before switching off the ignition. When it stopped it faced a long stretch of grass—ready to take off.

"All right." Whitefell's voice was crisp. "Carry on."

John freed himself from the seat and the earphones. Looking out, he saw the golden-haired girl again. She was beside the plane, on her toes. She stared up at him anxiously, and he gave her a grin of reassurance. And then, startled, he looked at her again. It struck him, in that moment, that she was beautiful. She had a beauty that made you check your breath. . . .

But he promptly forgot the girl. Beyond her the dark young man appeared. His eyes were lifted to the window of the cockpit, and he called something John didn't catch.

What he said didn't matter. John Frazer stared at him with a sense of shock that held him rigid. A cold sensation began to crawl over his skin. Then he scrambled out of his tiny compartment. Whitefell was just ahead of him, on the catwalk leading to the door.

"Hold on!" John whispered. His hoarseness made Whitefell turn in alarm. John said, "We're in a jam! That chap out there—the dark one—he knows me. We were at Heidelberg together. . . ."

NEXT MONTH: His desperate plight calls for desperate measures. There's one long, slim chance—and John Frazer makes up his mind to take it.

Whether searching for a safety pin in baby's stomach or for that needle in a haystack, let the X-ray be your guide



X-ray Marks the Spot

by MARGARET DAVIDSON BARNETT

PEOPLE MAY like nuts in their candy, but certainly not the kind that goes with bolts.

And so it is that today leading candy manufacturers X-ray all of their packaged sweets in a tireless search for machinery parts which might drop in during the packaging.

Indeed, the magic eye of science today is an invaluable aid to modern industry in prying into its most deep-rooted secrets. Just as the medical profession uses X-ray to diagnose bodily ills, so industry employs it to diagnose the ailments of many of the most useful objects in our daily lives. In both cases, the principle is to demonstrate possible obstacles to your health and safety. And in the case of X-ray in industry, there is the added purpose of protecting the manufacturer as well.

Actually, the fluoroscopic inspection of candy is only one instance in which the seeing eye of X-ray guards you from the dangers of foreign bod-

ies in food. Manufacturers cannot afford to take even one chance in a million—a single lawsuit might prove embarrassing. And so your breakfast cereals are X-rayed in the package, not only to guarantee the purity of the product, but also to make certain every box is full.

Many methods of inspecting food have been devised, such as sieves, magnetic separators and the electric eye, each of which will detect a specific type of foreign body. However, a piece of stone or glass would be ignored by a magnet, while a strand of wire might very well go through a sieve. The X-ray gets them all.

It is often baffling how some foreign stuff gets into food. How do you suppose, for instance, a paring knife was included in a large bar of chocolate or a pencil stub in a package of beans? It is understandable how buttons and small tools manage to get in when mechanics are working near the food conveyors—and how ma-

chinery parts also find their way into the food. But understanding how a bit of razor blade from a dicing machine slipped into a package of diced beets makes the blade no easier to digest.

A judicious X-ray machine discovered all of these unfriendly objects before they ever reached the market.

It is a far cry from breakfast foods put up in an ultra modern package to the dried and dusty mummies of ancient Egypt and Peru. But the master sleuth, X-ray, spans the ages as easily as it finds a stone in your gall bladder.

The Field Museum in Chicago has a completely equipped Radiology Department where mummies are studied.

X-raying of the unopened mummy pack reveals the exact position of many objects such as jewelry, pottery, shells and food in relation to the body with which they are wrapped. And further radiographic examination of the bones of these ancients yields much information about their diseases.

By taking X-rays of their jaws we learn that at least four out of five had pyorrhea, and even Cleopatra may have suffered from impacted wisdom teeth.

We can't tell for certain, of course, from X-ray pictures whether the old

Peruvians had colds, but we do know that they had the common associates of colds, sinus trouble and mastoiditis, in spite of the hot, dry climate that is characteristic of old Peru.

ONE non-medical use of X-ray of more immediate importance is in the examination of large concrete and

steel structures. If a concealed air space in a modern flood gate of one of our great dams went undetected, it might eventually break through to the surface to flood the country for miles around. No heroic little boy

using a single finger could check the force of the millions of gallons of water behind those gates. The unsung hero behind a sturdy modern dam is often the keen-eyed X-ray which reveals an air space or crack otherwise invisible.

The large steel bridge that you may cross daily is also safe because the structure has been thoroughly examined inside as well as out. All the steel welds and the concrete piles have been submitted to X-ray examination to eliminate the possibility of cracks and air spaces.

You may personally encounter still another ingenious adaptation of the X-ray to fields outside of medicine. One of these days when you drive into a service station an attendant may wheel out a portable X-ray fluoro-

Though she has here treated the non-medical aspects of the subject, Mrs. Barnett's first-hand experience with the magic beam came from her work in the X-ray department of a large hospital. In fact, she has worked in hospitals the better part of the last five years, and a natural interest in the medical sciences was further heightened by her recent marriage to a doctor. A graduate of Barnard College (class of 1936), she turned to the sciences after being disqualified for an English major, made up for it by writing for school and club publications. This is her first article in Coronet—but not her last, we hope.

scope, jack up the front or rear of your car and literally look into your tires.

In just a few minutes he can tell you, without removing them from the wheels, whether or not they are safe to drive on. He may see a bruise or a break where lurks a future blow-out. He may localize a piece of glass or a nail in the tire and remove it before any damage is done. After such a check, you will drive away without fear of a sudden accident from a faulty tire.

Many assembled articles of everyday usage are put to the X-ray test to guarantee smooth operation. Are the parts of a faulty cigarette lighter in perfect functioning relationship to one another? *You* can't tell by looking at the lighter, but an X-ray machine can. It can tell whether this screw and that spring are in their proper places so that when the lever is pressed there will be an instantaneous reaction.

The fountain pen that writes under all conditions might very well bear a sign; "Don't shake me. I have passed my X-ray examination." And the shoes on your feet don't poke hidden nails at you or bulge up under your arches. And the reason they don't is that they, too, have passed their X-ray examination.

X-ray follows you all day, right through brushing your teeth at night. Tooth paste manufacturers must be careful of the quality of the paste. If it is too thick it will not squeeze out of the tube easily, and if it is too thin it will run out. The speed

of a metal ball as it drops through various samples of toothpaste is followed with a candid X-ray camera—thus determining proper plasticity.

THE ROLE of X-ray evidence in legal cases is also important. For example, there was the case of a woman who inherited a string of pearls. The will was contested, and the actual value of the pearls became vitally important. From a preliminary examination, the jeweler who appraised them was quite certain that the pearls were real, but he could not tell whether they were natural or cultured pearls. "However," he said, "we will give them the final test."

The woman was worried. "Will you have to drill them?" she asked.

"No," he said. "We will examine your pearls without destroying a particle. We will X-ray them."

"You see," he continued, "a cultured pearl is composed of a mother-of-pearl center about which layers of pearl are deposited, while a natural pearl is the same all the way through. Therefore, when we take an X-ray picture of the natural pearl in three different positions, full face and both profiles, it will appear the same in each position. One of the profiles of the cultured pearl, however, will betray its artificiality."

So the jeweler turned on the current of his X-ray machine, and the pearls were established to be natural, real pearls, about twenty-five times as valuable as cultured pearls.

Art, as well as industry, makes claims on the magic of the X-ray;

"shadowgraphs" often reveal original old paintings under a repainted surface, and forgeries of Old Masters are often betrayed in this manner. If you have an old painting, artist unknown, the brushwork in the underpainting as revealed by an X-ray may be the only clue to the artist's identity. As in medicine where a competent doctor is needed to interpret an X-ray picture of your stomach, so in art an accomplished critic must evaluate a "shadowgraph" of an Old Master. And he uses the X-ray picture as a tool.

Indeed, an X-ray picture may even be a work of art in itself. Beautiful effects are sometimes gained by radiographing flowers and leaves. One

fashionable New York florist displayed X-rays of ferns and flowers in his windows at night, and the exhibit was very striking, the pictures bringing out each delicate line and structural detail of the flowers.

Few X-ray pictures, however, are so valued for their own sake. Perhaps the outstanding exception was the famous case of the doctor who took X-ray pictures of his whole family, including the dog and canary, and incorporated them into an unusual if slightly macabre Christmas card.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

CAMERA, TAKE THE STAND

by Asa S. Herzog and
Aaron J. Ezickson

\$3.00

Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York



The Retort Magnificent

WENDELL PHILLIPS, the great abolitionist leader, was once traveling by train through Ohio and he found himself in a car with a group of ministers returning from a convention. A minister from the South, obviously hostile to Phillips because of his abolitionist doctrines began this conversation.

"You're Wendell Phillips, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am."

"You're the man who wants to free the niggers?"

"Yes," Phillips answered.

"Then why preach around here? Why don't you go to Kentucky where the niggers are?"

Phillips was silent for a moment. Then he spoke.

"You're a minister, aren't you, sir?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"And you want to save souls from burning in Hell?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Then why don't you go there?" said Phillips with faultless logic.

—EARL J. DIAS

Picture Story:

TARGET FOR TONIGHT

Based on the amazing Warner Brothers film release of the same name, *Target for Tonight* is the authentic story of a bombing raid on Germany—how it is planned and how it is executed. Every person seen in the following pictures is actually a member of the Royal Air Force—each enacting his

own daily life on the job. Many of them are recognizable; the exploits of several have been newspaper headlines here in America. *Target for Tonight* mainly concerns the crew of the bomber called "F" for "Freddie," attached to Millerton Station in Group 35 of Bomber Command.

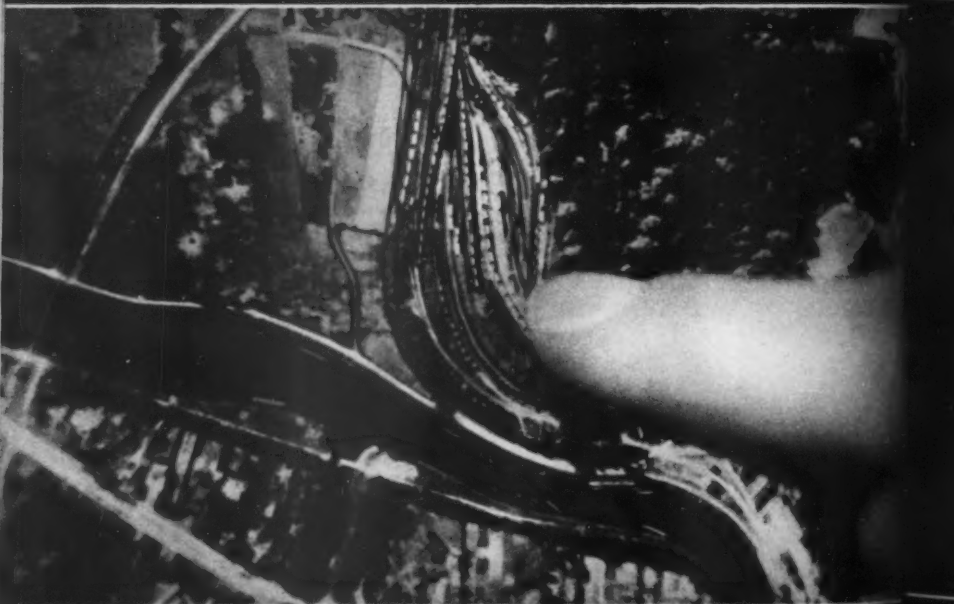


PHOTOGRAPHIC
SECTION
BOMBER COMMAND
SECRET

The scene: "Somewhere" near London: R.A.F. observers have returned from a sortie with a new batch of evidence, "shot" over Germany. But first to the dark room for deciphering. Then—"Righty-oh! Get them along to headquarters."



Charting tonight's objective—town 4-3-4 in Germany—Commander-in-Chief Peirse examines the new prints: "I say, we might have something here. Let's take a look at the files on—er—Freihausen. Thank you. Ah, here we are—"



"—three months ago nothing happening. Just a wood! But now look at it! Quite different! Extended sidings—oil tanks along a railway—pipe lines—barges in the river. It's very big! Better get me the A.O.C. 33 group right away."



Your plans are altered somewhat. A single squadron of bombers from 33 group will be diverted to the new target. Carefully the Group Captain goes over all angles with the lucky squadron's Wing Commander. "You can see it's easy to spot—



"—what with these water landmarks. But anyway, I should send in two good men first with incendiaries! Here's Freikausen, you see—on the right bank of the Rhine. I'd say it's about 15 miles north of Freiburg in the Black Forest—"



*Meanwhile, pilots, navigators and gunners idle away time. Someone complains about his blind date last night—someone owes half a crown. And then all eyes alike are suddenly fixed on the board as an orderly scrawls: **ORDERS FOR TONIGHT—***



In the assembly room, all gather for "briefing" by Wing Commander Powell. "Gentlemen, target for tonight is Freihäusen. On your maps it looks to be an unimportant railroad siding. Actually, as this picture shows, it's the site of a large oil dump—



"—Now your job, me lads, is to find—and destroy it! But first a word on "F" for Freddie. Dickson, you're captain. I want you to take Lee on wireless and not Catford. Bad luck, Catford. So the crew will be: Dickson; Lee; McPherson as navigator—"



For forty minutes, weather, tactics, personnel, possible dangers—are discussed in full detail. Then the Group Captain gives a final word: "Well, chaps, no doubt about it, we're a good one for tonight! So go in and flatten it! And good luck!"



By now, of course, bombs have been loaded, planes checked and fueled. In the locker room, crews dress hastily. "Where's that Scotch navigator? Oh, there you are, Mac. Let's have a look at the course before we start. Now, over here—"



As the lorry pulls up, outside, someone is shouting: "Hey! Some cluck's pinched me boots! Come on, pull your finger out—where's me boots?" The driver is at the door. "It's here, sir." "Right you are. All for 'F' for Freddie here? Lei's go!"



In the field they use a portable control station. The Wing Commander dispatches planes from a glass cubicle in the roof. "F" for Freddie calling. May we take off?" "Hello, 'F' for Freddie. Yes, you may take off. Off you go."

And so, with a great roar of its big motors—"F" for Freddie takes off, takes off into the rapidly darkening East. "Freihausen here we come!" breathes Skipper Dickson grimly.



Smooth going so far, anyhow. "Hello, rear gunner. Can you hear me?" "I'm okay, Skipper." "Hello, front gunner, can you hear me?" "Okay, Skipper." "Hello, Mac. Know where we are now?"



Mac says they're flying true enough—and coming to Carlsruhe—"famous for its breweries, you know." The Skipper laughs. "Good old Mac. All right, let's go down and snell its breath!"



And "I" for Freddie noses gracefully into a long, steep glide—into the overcast. "Hello, everybody. Keep a sharp eye, now—and let me know if you see anything. The natives may be hostile!"



"Hello, Skip! Searchlights and flak to the starboard quarter!"
"Hello, Skipper! The target's about fifty miles up the river. I suggest we make a sweep and approach it down the river. There's the canal, now—as plain as my face!"



Mac's on the target now—his sharp eyes can almost pick out the railway sidings. But as "F" for Freddie glides down out of the overcast—



—sharp eyes below are watching, too. Loud, guttural orders crack in the night. A plane is within the range of flak.

Not
You



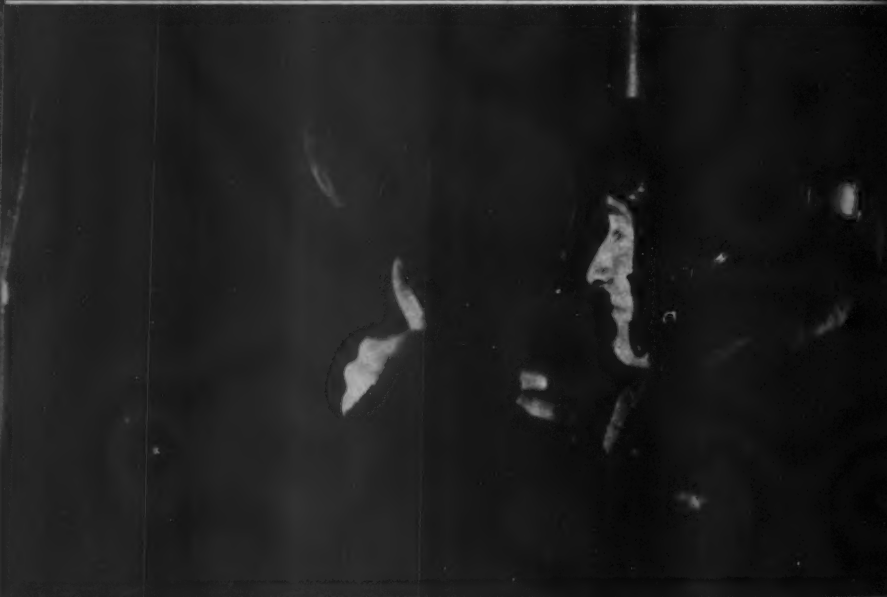
And there go the incendiaries! It's almost daylight down below—so bright is their glare. —*Mac*



Now Mac takes over command. "Right a bit. Now left a bit. Now steady at that!" And then: "Bombs gone!"



—and down below a giant flash of Zarish red! A bullseye on that last one!



"Good man! Want a cigar or a bag of nuts?" "Neither. I think I'll have a sandwich."



But the danger isn't over yet! For as the Skipper lifts up Freddie's nose for altitude, the sky is alight with tracers and flak —



from Nazi anti-aircraft down below. "They've got the range now, and no mistake!"



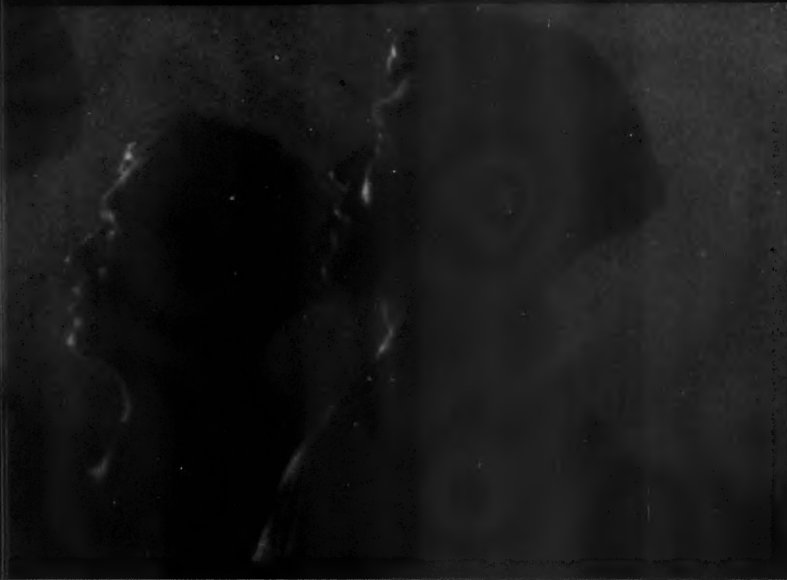
Many hours have passed now. Back again at Bomber Headquarters, all the planes are safe—all, that is, except "F" for Freddie. On a rooftop, two tired, anxious officers scan the skies—trying to pierce the quickly gathering yellow fog.

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And then, faintly at first, then overhead—a friendly roar, high above them. "F" for Freddie is at least still in the air!

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On the flare-lit landing field, comrades gather worriedly. Landings are never easy on England's rough, camouflaged fields. To top that—a landing in this fog?



But out of the mist comes Freddie, engines limping. A bumpy landing, perhaps—but still a landing! Quickly the crew dismounts. "Nazi flak," they explain breathlessly. "Lee is wounded—wireless smashed—oil line broken"



Afterwards, in Bomber headquarters, the boys of "F" for Freddie repeat their story over hot coffee—answer questions as to the number of hits, color of the flames. And when they have gone, the Commander writes his report: "Tonight's operations:—



"The objective was reached and heavily bombed. Large fires and explosions were seen. All our aircraft returned." Then wearily, between yawns: "Well, old boy, how about some bacon and eggs? It's been a pretty good night, at that!"

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Forgotten Mysteries



Tales like these have no place in this reasonable world. Told by reliable witnesses but unbelievable nevertheless, they are easier to forget than to explain

• • • As a special feature, the editors of *Observatory* invited internationally known astronomer E. W. Maunder to contribute some reminiscences for the 500th number of their magazine. The published reminiscences concerned a strange celestial object seen November 17, 1882, by Maunder and his colleagues at the Royal Observatory in Greenwich.

Observed with a large telescope, the peculiar object appeared suddenly and moved steadily across the sky. Concerning it, Maunder and his colleagues made numerous notes, a few of which follow:

"The thing was cigar shaped—like a torpedo, a spindle, a shuttle. Had the incident occurred a third of a century later, it would have been called 'like a Zeppelin.' Too fast for a cloud, too slow for a meteor—a great spindle of greenish light. Appeared to be a definite body—had a dark

nucleus. This was both extraordinary and alarming."

As to what *the thing* was, one man's guess is as good as another's.



• • • In the files of the French Academy of Sciences documents submitted by Auguste Nélaton, a noted surgeon, and supported by the affidavits of many prominent persons, tell this story:

On March 17, 1863, a dinner party was given by the Baroness de Boislève at 26, Rue Pasquier, Paris. During the dinner, the Baroness discussed her son, Honoré de Boislève, who, as a Lieutenant of Light Cavalry, had accompanied the French expedition to Mexico.

At 9 p. m. the Baroness went alone into the salon to serve the coffee. She

had hardly entered the room when she was heard to scream. She was found unconscious.

Upon being revived, she told of having seen an apparition of her son standing in the center of the room. The young lieutenant was wearing his uniform, but no cap. He was without arms and on his face was the pallor of death. His left eye had been blown out, and from its socket blood trickled down his cheek.

A week later it was officially announced that on March 17, 1863, at 2:50 p. m., Lieutenant Honoré de Boislève was killed during the storming of Puebla. A Mexican bullet entered his left eye and passed through his head.

Anyone can complete the story. It is simply a matter of making allowance for the difference in time between a blood-soaked town in Mexico and an elegant salon in France.



• • • Here is a story vouched for by Dr. Gardner Murphy, psychologist at Columbia University.

Joan, a girl of Dr. Murphy's acquaintance, agreed to meet a friend, Ruth, at 6:30 p. m. At 3 p. m. circumstances arose which made Joan decide to telephone Ruth to break the date.

When the operator answered, Joan suddenly was unable to recall Ruth's number. In her embarrassment she blurted out the first number which came to mind. The call was imme-

diately put through and Ruth answered. The number was that of her dentist, where she had gone because of a sudden toothache.

Ruth had never told Joan her dentist's name or phone number. Her decision to go to the dentist that afternoon was made so suddenly that she had informed no one except the dentist himself. Dr. Murphy felt that coincidence was an absurd explanation, and that some super-normal force must have been involved.



• • • The giant sloth is extinct. He gave up the struggle at least 25,000,000 years ago. So say the textbooks of geology.

Just before the turn of the last century, a peculiar piece of hide was sent to Professor Florentino Ameghino, renowned South American zoologist. The hide had been found hanging on a bush near Ultima Esperanza, Patagonia. Professor Ameghino immediately identified it as the skin of a giant sloth. To the day of his death, he maintained that the piece of epidermis belonged to that long extinct animal.

But the skin which Professor Ameghino examined was *fresh*. All the experts agreed that it could not be more than a year or so old. Although it has become increasingly evident that the skin was that of a giant sloth, it has been almost impossible to trace the origin of that hide.

—R. DEWITT MILLER

Found: a nationally known investment counsellor who can and does discuss money in terms which each of us can apply to his own individual problems



Everyman vs. Inflation

by SHELBY CULLOM DAVIS

EVERYONE is warning of inflation these days—from Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morganthau, and “boss” of U. S. prices, Leon Henderson, to such conservative stalwarts as Lewis Douglas of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, and Winthrop W. Aldrich of the Chase National Bank.

The trouble is, few have told us what to do about it, in terms of our daily lives.

What can you and I—the average Americans—do to protect our hard-earned savings? What can we do with any extra cash that may fall our way during the present national defense boom?

First of all, remember that even if the pessimists’ worst fears about inflation are realized, the world still won’t be so topsy-turvy that we won’t need food, clothing, transportation and a place to sleep—the four bulwarks of our standard of living. If you can safeguard your supply of these,

you will have made a major investment for your future peace of mind.

We’re limited by space and perishability to the amount of food we can store. Besides, farm prices have already gone up so much that the farm bloc may be satisfied for a time. We don’t have to worry about food scarcities, because government warehouses are literally bulging with farm products. And if farm prices go too high, the farmers will surely have to unlock their gates.

If you can squeeze some extra suits, shoes and general haberdashery into your closets, do it. Clothing prices are

*Who’s Who reports that at thirty-two Shelby Cullom Davis is the director of several corporations, an investment counsellor who holds his own seat on the New York Stock Exchange, and the author of five books. While studying for his doctorate in political science at the University of Geneva, he became associated with the Columbia Broadcasting System, and commenced his writing career as a foreign correspondent. Harper & Brothers will bring out his forthcoming book, *Your Career in Defense*, early in 1942.*

going up. And fancy shades and patterns will give way to standardized models. Shirts, ties and shoes this spring will cost at least ten percent more.

Several months ago, K. T. Keller, president of Chrysler Corporation, pointed out to me in Detroit that the new automobile models were "bright and shiny" then, but that he didn't know what they'd be like a few months hence.

This is a tip from an expert. Better act on it. Cars are bound to lose their lustre—their "bright-work." Over the next few years we may look back upon the early 1942 and 1941 models with the same admiration as connoisseurs lavish upon vintage champagne. "Ah, those were good years. Aluminum piston, chrome-plated radiators—and what an easy ride!" The automobile people are ingenious, but it's wiser to play safe if you're going to need a new car in a year or so, and get it now.

Refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, washing machines—in fact, most of the household utensils that make life more worth living for the housewife are going to be hard to get in the future. Plan ahead, and if you're going to need one of these household "beasts of burden," buy it now. Don't buy too much on the installment plan, though. Government officials are thinking of further tightening up in-

stallment credit. You might wake up with a shock one morning to find your twenty-four monthly payments reduced to twelve, thus doubling your burden in meeting them.

IF NECESSARY, we can wear a threadbare coat, make our old car last a year or two longer, or sweep the house by muscle instead of by electricity. But our standard of living would certainly be upset if we had to live in a trailer or a tent. Few of us hanker to return to the cliff-dwellers' age. And yet

houses will become much more scarce.

It is now almost impossible to build a house in the "over \$6,000" class. Defense boom towns have the greatest housing shortage. This year, moreover, there will be even greater feverish defense activities in practically every community in the country. Living quarters will become more and more precious as defense needs deepen.

One of the best investments you can make right now, therefore, is to own your own home—providing you feel reasonably certain of continuing to live in the same community. Your bank will give you easy credit terms, spaced out over a twenty year period. In many cases the interest and amortization of your mortgage, taxes, insurance and maintenance will come to about the same figure you would have paid for rent anyway. And at the end of, say, twenty years, you can

Next Month

... at last! The stenographers have their say! How good an employer are you? Don't miss *Men Are Lousy Bosses!* in the February issue!

burn up the mortgage and the home is yours. If you own the roof over your head, you don't have to worry about suddenly being moved into the street—or about having your rent doubled. Indeed, you may thus be spared much anxiety during the next few years.

If you live in an apartment, try to get a longer term lease.

Only after you have looked after your basic wants—food, clothing, transportation and shelter—can you afford to think about the rest of your savings. Insurance really is protection, for those who look to you for support. It will be as necessary as ever during the period ahead.

During troubled times loose talk always can be heard to the effect that your insurance may not be worth anything. Don't listen to it. Experience shows that good insurance policies long outlive these false prophets of doom. If you're going to have more dependents, take out new insurance.

Certainly you should keep on with whatever insurance program you've started. There are over 60,000,000 holders of insurance policies in this country. The government will see that they are protected.

IF YOU ARE under Social Security and earning more than \$3,000 a year, insurance experts estimate you are getting about the same protection as a \$10,000 life insurance policy. Your widow and two children would receive about \$72 monthly from the government. Therefore, an additional life insurance policy of approximately

twice your annual income should afford sufficient protection for your dependents.

If your income is \$5,000, for example, you should have a \$10,000 policy, annual premiums for which at age thirty-five are \$250. Thus at least five percent of your income should go into insurance.

It's a good idea to keep some money in a savings account, too. It will provide you protection if you need money in a hurry. In many states savings accounts pay a maximum two percent. Consequently, savings accounts are less attractive than formerly. Consider them more as a short term protection than as an important place for your savings. However, at least two percent of your income should go into a savings account until it is sufficiently comfortable in size to meet an emergency.

U. S. Government Defense Bonds are more attractive than savings accounts. The government needs money badly to finance its defense program. Consequently it has offered attractive terms to investors, in many respects better than the Liberty Bonds of the last war. The Defense Bonds Series E, for example, pay 2.9 percent interest, although you do not receive the interest until the end of ten years. It works out this way. You pay \$75 for one of these Defense Bonds now, and in ten years the government will pay you \$100 for it—an appreciation of 33.3 percent over the period.

Or, if you need income from your investments, buy a Defense Bond Series G. You will pay, say, \$100 for it

and twice a year you will receive interest at the rate of 2.5 percent. At the end of twelve years you will receive your \$100 back again. However, the funds you invest in Defense Bonds will be tied up from ten to twelve years. True, you can turn them in for cash any time after sixty days from date of purchase (for Series E) or after six months, including one month's written notice (for Series G), but your return would be considerably less, depending upon how long you hold the bonds. Use Defense Bonds, therefore, only for your long term savings program. At least three percent of your total income should go into these Defense Bonds.

ALTHOUGH many state, municipal and high grade corporate bonds pay a higher rate of return (up to 3.5 percent), they are not as safe as government bonds and may decline in price. The bond market today is as high, relatively, as the stock market in 1929. Many experts forecast the next important move of the bond market as downward. Hence, if you bought one of these bonds at \$100, you might unhappily see it drop to \$90 within several years.

If you still have some savings left over (ten percent of your income is "saved" already), chances are you're either a lucky or a frugal person. From now on, incidentally, frugality will be a good kind of "character" investment to participate in—and it costs nothing. It will be better to save fifteen rather than ten percent of your income in the days ahead, to pay your

increased taxes, maintain your standard of living and provide protection for your dependents.

If you're worried that prices are going sky-high and that we'll be lighting cigars with paper money, as they did in Germany after the last war, buy a common stock or two. That government watchdog of the investor's welfare, the Securities and Exchange Commission, is even in favor of insurance companies investing in common stocks now. So you'll be in good company. Don't buy stocks of companies that are profiting from defense, because these profits will probably be taxed away. Buy stocks of companies that promise growth after the war ends—sound oil companies, aviation transportation companies and chemical companies.

It is equally safe to predict a great boom in automobile sales after the war—and large retailers, which cannot now sell all the refrigerators, washing machines, vacuum cleaners and other household utensils desired, should do a land office business after the emergency.

WHAT ABOUT real estate—as an investment, over and above your own home? Urban real estate is precarious, because so many people are moving to the suburbs. A carefully selected lot or house in a growing suburb is a good idea, however, provided you have funds to pay taxes and maintenance even when you have no tenant. If you like the bucolic life, there is always a farm. Living is cheap on a farm, and taxes generally are low.

But don't buy a farm as a "hedge" against anything—unless you wouldn't mind living on it and farming it. I know a number of people who are stuck with farms which seemed good ideas at the time, but which now weigh heavily on their hands.

But don't throw all your savings into a real estate lot, an oil well or a gold mine because some smooth talker says we're going to have inflation. If anything, be a little more cautious than usual now. During wartime, people often get too excited to think clearly about investments. They wake up to find their nest egg vanished—leaving a goose egg instead.

Above all, though, protect your own vital needs—*food, clothing, transportation and shelter*. Then, in addition, protect your dependents with adequate *insurance*. Keep several hundred dollars in a *savings account* as a short term emergency fund. Save systematically for the longer term by buying

Defense Bonds. Watch the pennies more carefully than ever in order to pay your rising *taxes*. And finally, if you have some extra savings, invest in several sound *common stocks* of well known "growth" companies, as protection against a wild inflation.

Personally, I think the government will take strong enough steps to prevent a wild inflation. But I also feel a mild price increase is inevitable.

In any case, the above program should bring you through the trying period ahead with a minimum loss of standard of living, adequate protection for dependents and savings.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

IF WAR COMES TO THE AMERICAN HOME
by Sylvia F. Porter \$2.50

Robert McBride & Co., New York

THE LETTERS OF AN INVESTMENT COUNSEL
TO MR. AND MRS. JOHN SMITH

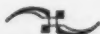
by H. G. Carpenter \$2.50

Harper & Brothers, New York

THIS WAR AND YOUR POCKETBOOK

by L. Seth Schnitman \$1.00

The Vanguard Press, New York



Plain Talk

"I ain't in *Who's Who*, but they have my picture in the next edition of *What Is It?*"

"You know what I like about Cordell Hull. When you call on him at his apartment in the Carlton Hotel in Washington, Cordell answers the door himself. There ain't no butler comes to sniff you first."

"I wasn't born in a log cabin but my folks moved into one as soon as they started living indoors."

—CAL TINNEY, *Sizing Up the News*



Could a Peace Party Win Votes?

by DR. GEORGE GALLUP

THERE has been no really strong third party movement in the United States since 1924, but the war issue is such a deep and vital one that the question of how many Amer-

icans might be willing to forsake the traditional political line-up for a third party is hotly debated. Here is the report of the Director of the American Institute of Public Opinion.

The Issue:

If Lindbergh, Wheeler, Nye and others start a "Keep-Out-of-War" party and enter candidates in the next Congressional elections, would you vote for the candidate of this party?

How Public Votes:

YES.....16%

THE DISPUTE between isolationists and interventionists is getting the country so wrought up that some political seers believe a "Keep-Out-of-War" party may spring up for the Congressional elections next year, under the direction of the three chief isolationist leaders, Charles A. Lindbergh, Senator Burton K. Wheeler and Senator Gerald P. Nye.

The survey results on the left indicate that approximately one voter in every six throughout the country believes he would want to vote for a Lindbergh-Wheeler-Nye third party.

This does not mean

that only 16 percent want to keep the country out of war. It simply indicates the number who at this time would be willing to desert the major parties to vote for a strictly anti-war third party.

Such a party would probably not succeed in winning any substantial number of Congressional seats. Nevertheless, a vote of sixteen percent is a higher vote than any third party has polled since 1924, when Robert M. LaFollette received seventeen percent on the Progressive ticket for President. It means that if the Congressional race between a Republican and a Democratic candidate in a given area were close, a third party candidate might hold the balance of power.

The poll results illustrate one of the most interesting political phenomena in the United States. The American people have always fought out their political differences through the established major parties and have,

by and large, resisted third parties as a solution to political controversy. This is in marked contrast to the experience in France before the war and in Germany before Hitler. The American way, apparently, is to stick with the traditional two-party system, although the political philosophy within the two parties may, and often does, change radically from generation to generation.

Despite the economic suffering of the masses in the years following the financial crash of 1929, there was no

noticeable rush of poor voters to the banner of

A comment on this opinion

Communism or even Socialism. Huey Long's Share-the-Wealth movement might have become the core of a third party, but the bullet which killed Long killed the movement. The third party which put up William Lemke for President in 1936 polled less than two percent of the total number of votes cast.

Three years ago the LaFollette brothers, Philip and Robert, launched a "National Progressive" party. Institute polls at the time showed little public interest nationally in the movement. From time to time, a national Farmer-Labor party is suggested, but that idea too has generally met with public apathy.

The greatest support for a Lindbergh-Wheeler-Nye peace party was found in the East Central states, comprising Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan. In that area nineteen percent expressed themselves willing to vote for the candidate of such a party.

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home—for getting killed or hurt. Here is the ugly record. What shall we do about it?



World's Most Dangerous Street

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

BELIEVE IT or not, you live on the most dangerous street in the world. From it, last year, 33,000 dead were carted away to the morgue; 4,850,000 persons were injured, 140,000 crippled for life. The economic loss involved on this street was placed at \$600,000,000.

And what street is it? Why, none other than Home Avenue—along which lie the dwellings of America. For there's no place like home for getting killed or hurt. In the home last year occurred thirty-four percent of the nation's 95,000 accidental death toll. Even motor car slaughter, so widely publicized, took only a slightly greater toll than home accidents.

Yet the battlefield slaughter of Home Avenue is not unavertible. According to the National Safety Council, a few common-sense rules can avert at least 15,000 of the household deaths, prevent a couple of million minor injuries and save at least

\$1,000,000 a day in lost time, medical costs and other expenses.

A real nationwide attack on this vicious enemy within the home is just beginning. And the first episode in this campaign takes place next month in Chicago—with a great convention of safety experts, home builders, architects, insurance representatives, economists, educators, public officials and parents—called by the National Safety Council to make plans for averting home fatalities and injuries.

An architect has discovered, for instance, that hundreds die on the steps to front and back porches. Therefore he builds houses with no outside steps, but with ramps leading up to the floor level. Result: such deaths have practically been eliminated in his houses. By applying safety principles to building, the U. S. Housing Authority in its projects has cut home accidents by sixty-one percent. Kansas City campaigns through a unique Children's Bureau. Minnesota stages

inter-community home safety contests.

But we 132,000,000 Americans need not wait for the organized movement to cut the toll of dead and injured. Each family of us—yes, each individual—can develop a one-family or one-person home safety campaign that will save thousands from death or suffering—simply by persistently practicing a few home safety rules.

BUT FIRST let's take a glimpse of just one small stretch along Home Avenue. It is just a couple of blocks long in a quiet suburb of Chicago. I live on

it, and I know. Looking up and down the street, here is what I see:

An attractive bungalow, where on a recent Easter day a young woman went to the basement to take clinkers out of the furnace. As she turned around, flames leaped out the furnace door and set fire to her dress. In a second her whole body was ablaze. She burned almost to a crisp.

In a house a few doors away, an old lady a month later stumbled at the head of the basement stairs, pitched forward and down to the bottom, and lay helpless with a broken hip for several hours until found. She died in a few days.

Shortly before that, a painter in the next block dropped a cigarette in a pail of varnish. Two men burned to

death and a house was destroyed. In my block, a woman's hand caught in the wringer, which drew her arm in almost to the shoulder. After months of treatment, the arm was saved.

In my own family, a boy fell and broke his collar bone; one daughter played with fireworks, burning the

back of her hand so seriously she had to have medical treatment for six weeks; another daughter in jumping for a dress on a high hook caught her throat on a nail, nearly severing the jugular vein, and causing a permanent and very ugly scar.

Most persons rely on their wits to escape death at home. They know there is danger, but they feel it won't hit them. Yet an elementary study of safety in our homes will astonish us by the hazards we uncover—and by the ease and slight expense with which they can be corrected. Safety councils and insurance companies have studied thousands of cases. Here is a composite picture of their main suggestions:

SINCE FALLS cause most deaths and injuries at home, eliminate those hazards first. Keep all stairways clear of brooms, baskets, stepladders and ironing boards. A chum of my young son started down his home stairway two steps at a time. His toe caught in

Once he studied for the ministry. Today William F. McDermott is a newspaperman, thinks "every preacher should serve a term as reporter in order to learn life at first hand." Born in Kansas forty-four years ago, McDermott is a newcomer to Coronet, but no stranger to those who read widely in national magazines. He has written successfully for most of them. Week days, he is religious editor for the Chicago Daily News—week nights he works harder as father to five children. Next month in Coronet, Mr. McDermott will expose a racket which grew up with one of the New Deal's proudest reforms. It's called "Unemployment Insurance Racket"—one of the hardest-hitting, down-to-earth articles we've seen in many a day!

a ragged spot, and he plunged headlong, cracking his skull against the stairpost. He lay for weeks in the hospital. If that stairway had been equipped with strong handrails, as all should be, he might have saved himself in spite of stumbling. Two way lighting is particularly vital to safety—that is, lights that can be turned on either at the top or bottom of the stairs.

Avoid waxed stairs. A friend of mine in Kansas City had a beautiful home. He was particularly proud of his highly waxed stairs—until his aged mother slipped from the top step, breaking both hips. Death finally relieved her.

Many fatal falls occur in the dark. A dim night-light on all floors is a life-saver. Have wall switches near the door in every room. Always keep the passageway clear from the side of your bed to the door. A young mother in Cleveland heard her baby cry, sprang out of bed and rushed across the room towards the crib. She forgot the chair she had drawn up to the crib side the evening before. She stumbled and fell. A loose rod on the crib hit her in the eye, destroying its sight completely.

THE BATHROOM, contrary to popular notion, is about the safest room in the house, yet even there the toll is high. A rubber mat in the tub and a strong hand-rail may well save a life. Bathroom deaths are particularly hor-

rible if boiling water is involved. A prominent Chicago business man at a New York Hotel slipped on a piece of soap and fell against the tile shower wall—just as he turned on the hot water. Steam and the water gave him painful, scarring burns.

The yard is the most fatal home area, registering nineteen percent of all deaths, mostly from falls.

If you're going to climb up to wash windows or fix the roof, first test your ladder for broken rungs or weak spots. Slant it so that the distance between the base of the ladder and the house is one-fourth the length of the ladder. This will prevent tipping.

A death weapon in the yard is an upturned rake hidden in the grass, or wire that may fly up and hit one in the eye. A wise householder keeps all tools put away when not in use. Little children and jagged rocks in a rock garden or pool are deadly enemies. I know of two little children who have died in a mere six inches of water in such pools. You should put a protective screen around any such potential danger in your yard.

Fires cause 6,000 home deaths and half a million injuries yearly. Yet most of these could be prevented. Try inspecting your home for fire hazards. You may be amazed.

Most home fires originate in the basement, so start your tour there. Here are standard recommendations: Cover boiler and pipes with asbestos;



surround base of furnace with brick or concrete; keep pipes and joints free from rust, and furnace and flues clean; store kindling wood at a distance; and never, never allow rubbish, old paper, piles of clothing, and *particularly oily rags*, to accumulate—they're a direct invitation to cremation.

I shall never forget the most tragic assignment I ever had in thirty years of newspaper reporting. A very young mother had left her three children alone while she went to a neighbor's for a moment. Oily rags caught fire and filled the place with smoke. Firemen came racing up, but too late. I can still see the pathetic sight of those three little bodies laid out on a single slab in the morgue.

TO THE MOTHER at work in the kitchen (which, by the way, is the most dangerous room in the house, registering eighteen percent of all home deaths) many safety hints may be given.

A wise mother always turns the handles of pans on the stove inward, so her child will not pull boiling water or hot grease on himself. Have you ever seen a child hideously burned in such an accident?

Here are other safety suggestions for the kitchen: Always take the top off the roaster at the far side first, so steam may escape away from the face—it can easily mark you for life; have a vent on the stove to carry away unburned gases; keep matches in fireproof containers and away from children; and always disconnect the electric iron when not in use or when you're an-

swering the telephone. If you do, firemen will have more time to themselves.

Death is always lurking in the medicine cabinet. Any poison or strong medicine should be kept in well-labeled bottles, with pins in corks as an additional safeguard when searching in a hurry at night for a remedy. And keep everything in the medicine cabinet out of the reach of children.

There are rare, unpredictable accidents, dealing death where never dreamed of. Yet many of these are classifiable and preventable. Safety measures include these:

Burn all trash outdoors in containers, and keep children away.

See that pictures in heavy frames are securely hung—many people have been killed by pictures falling on them.

Don't throw pins or safety razor blades into wastebaskets. Cuts and infections easily follow for those handling them.

Keep all window screens secure. See that window cords are in good condition, or there may be a mashed hand or fingers.

In using knives, always cut away from the body, so a slip won't stab you.

Watch everywhere for protruding nails that may tear the flesh or put out an eye.

Keep your children away from stray dogs.

In making repairs in dangerous places, use some sort of safety belt.

Dispose of discarded tin cans or

bottles. Keep guns unloaded. Have fire extinguishers in handy places.

Keep adequate first-aid equipment always at hand, including gauze and bandages, cotton, adhesive tape, iodine, ointment for burns, ammonia (for fainting), boric acid, syrup of ipecac (to induce vomiting after poisoning) and a good first-aid book.

Of course, every home has its own hazards, only a few of which are enumerated here. And you can get a real

kick out of finding and correcting them in your own home, whatever they are. I went on an inspection tour of my home recently and in two hours I was able to detect and correct *seventeen* different hazards—at *no expense*.

There are about 35,000,000 dwellings on Home Avenue. If one adult in each will tackle the accident-prevention problem in earnest, he can help change it from the most dangerous street in the world to the safest!



Cat Eat Rat

NOT FAR from Tahiti lies the Island of Fishing Cats, a strange empire. Its history dates back almost a century when two rat-infested sailing ships cracked up on a reef just off the island.

Hundreds of rats swam ashore. In a short time they had multiplied so rapidly that the natives fled for their lives, abandoning the island to the ferocious rats.

Some years later an adventurous Frenchman, learning that the authorities were going to give the island to anyone who could rid it of rats, decided it was worth a try. He collected some five hundred cats and released them on the island.

So successful was this raid that the Frenchman took up residence there, starting a poultry farm.

But the enterprising planter was due for a big surprise. Although the rats were soon completely killed off by the cats, the latter quickly became as serious a menace as the rats. They bred freely and soon the island was swarming with them.

When the rats were eaten out, the cats naturally turned to the poultry farm. It was impossible to keep the starving creatures away, and at last the discouraged Frenchman turned the island over to them.

That was more than fifty years ago, and the cats have remained in possession ever since. They are now so hostile to human beings that the approach of a boat brings hundreds of the cats to the water's edge, where they spit and snarl defiance at would-be visitors.

—ROBERT M. HYATT



You could work your way through many a college with the answers to this—but if you're able to score 100 per cent you deserve an honorary degree

Review of Reviews

REGARDLESS of whatever else may pop into your head, the answer to each of the following fifty questions must be the name of a magazine. There are no holds barred—foreign and defunct publications are included in this quiz along with the current

ones. The clues are a bit informal, but each one should lead you to the name of a fairly well-known magazine. Count two points for each correct answer. A fair score is 50 or more; 64 is good, and 78 or over is excellent. Answers will be found on page 116.

1. One of Patrick Henry's alternatives
2. Subject in a school for brides
3. Big Pond gazette
4. Any neighbor of Fiorello La Guardia
5. Generic term for Penrod or Tom Sawyer
6. What Tom of Coventry took illegally
7. Educated hilarity
8. Vespucci's journal
9. Rank next below a knight
10. What France was immediately following the Revolution
11. Equine accelerator
12. Judicious bench-warmer
13. Maroon volume
14. Pair of progenitors
15. Urban and rural
16. Bathnight journal
17. Windy tales
18. Procrastination's victim
19. Peruser's compendium

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| 20. Female monsieur | 35. Debating arena |
| 21. Native quicksilver | 36. One of Chopin's favorite musical forms |
| 22. Seven-day report | 37. Forty fiscal hours |
| 23. Trailblazer | 38. Body education |
| 24. Constabulary journal | 39. Most important after ME |
| 25. Saturday eve | 40. Clever clique |
| 26. You have me in the palm of your hand | 41. Comely cottage |
| 27. Forty-eight states | 42. \$\$\$\$ |
| 28. There goes that camera shutter | 43. A la mode |
| 29. <i>Élan vital</i> | 44. Stop, — and listen |
| 30. Literary fare for our antlered friends | 45. Left jab |
| 31. Female's twenty-four hours | 46. By W. M. Thackeray |
| 32. All the world | 47. Spice of life |
| 33. Indigenous abode | 48. The coal miner's |
| 34. Man-about-the-house | 49. Citizen of the world |
| | 50. Bucolic existence |



Knacks of Nature

COBWEBS pay the expenses of a college student in one of the leading engineering schools. By touching the nipple-like spinneret at the base of the abdomen, Albert Albright "milks" the golden garden spider of the silk it uses to spin its webs. The silk is wound on a spool—one spider yielded a record of 550 feet of silk—and the spools are then sold to the U. S. Navy, the Bureau of Standards and private manufacturers of various types of telescopic instruments.

In case of attack by a would-be destroyer, some lizards call upon


their very useful knack of bloodlessly amputating their tails. By operating special muscles and ligaments, the lizard leaves the tail flipping about on the ground (where it will wiggle and squirm for about an hour), makes his escape and grows another tail.

The archer fish of Malaysia has a deep groove down the roof of its mouth which, when the tongue is placed along it, forms a natural blowpipe. Through this blowpipe, the fish shoots its insect-prey with little pellets of water.

—KERMIT RAYBORN

Gallery of Photographs

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